

# MERRY ENGLAND.

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## *The Child set in the Midst.*

THE Child has at last taken his proportionate place in English Poetry; and, if we may judge by Mr. Gotch's picture in the Royal Academy, the Child is to have a new seriousness of treatment in modern English Art. The nineteenth century has done two things for literature—it has put man on a lover's footing with nature, and it has, one may almost say, discovered the Child. Him the Modern Poets have Set in the Midst of us, even as he was Set in the Midst of men by the Lord of Poets.

We read love's tender lessons taught  
As only weakness can :  
God has His small interpreters—  
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,  
The eyes of faith grow dim ;  
But he is freshest from His hands  
And nearest unto Him.

So Mr. Whittier sings, and his words are well enough as in part a text for this collection.

Homer's home-group, with Astyanax perturbed by Hector's plume, has given place to Mr. Coventry Patmore's innermost

circle after all the husks of the community have been penetrated :

In the centre then he showed a tent  
Where, laughing soft, a woman bent  
Over her babe ; and, her above,  
Leaned, in his turn, a graver love.  
" Behold the two idolatries  
By which," cried he, " the world defies  
Chaos and death ; and for whose sake  
All else must war and work and wake."

Where Achilles is made to talk lightly of the little maiden who blockades her mother's path, and pulls her gown to be carried, the modern poet has a nobler vision of the child " fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, with light upon him from his father's eyes." Sappho had cognisance of the human baby—among other animals :

Hesperus brings the goat to rest,  
Brings the baby to the breast.

But the children's bedtime was never truly sung till the last half of our own century. How many white little beds, I wonder have been nightly visited under the influence of Mrs. Piatt's " Last Words." I like to think of the multiplication of their number by this reprint of her perfect poem.

As Love took the likeness of Dido's child before he had access to her heart ; even so the God of Heaven became as a Little Child to enter the narrow heart of His own creatures. Great poetry upon the Nativity did not wait till our spacious age for its production ; and a collection brought down to date may yet be offered to the reader in a separate form. It is not, therefore, attempted now and here. As a child Christ came ; but the advent of the common child in poetry as the messenger of Heaven was delayed. He was still to appear as a chattel, a toy, an intruder—at best a blessing in disguise ; to be apologised for or to be patronised ; a peg for platitudes, an audience for lectures, a substitute for ourselves in the practice of small perfections.

Arthur is a figure of the footlights, but Shakspeare formally offered homage to

The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
and has real, if adult, feeling when Constance cries :

Grief fills the room up of my absent child ;  
Lies on his bed ; walks up and down with me ;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me in all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form.

There is a hint of child-feeling in Mamillius ; but of Mamillius his mother has little to say except :

Take the boy to you : he so troubles me  
'Tis past enduring.

The child to whom Nicholas Breton makes his "Sweet Lullaby" is

Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief.

Sephestia's child is imagined by Robert Greene as no more than his "mother's wag," while Sir Philip Sydney addresses his own :

Thy cries, O Babe, do set my head on aching !

The flower of chivalry has withered down to that.

Matthew Prior is not content to take the little maid as she is—he peers at the future woman and rues :

For, as our different ages move  
'Tis so ordained (would fate but mend it !)  
That I shall be past making love  
When she begins to comprehend it.

Mr. Frederick Locker, with a touch more delicate, has reversed the order. He sees his grandmother at seventy-nine and imagines her at seventeen :

What an arm—what a waist  
For an arm !

Henry Vaughan seems, indeed, to have "intimations of immortality" in the Poetry of Childhood. His "striving eye"

Dazzles at it as at Eternity

in his verses on "Childhood"; and in "The Retreat" he says:

Happy those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy ought  
But a white celestial thought,  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back at that short space  
Could get a glimpse of His bright face.

With that thought Wordsworth was to transform, when the time became due, the Child Poetry of the World. Meanwhile, in extolling the Modern Poet, the reader may not forget to offer his homage to bygone names other than those already given—from Chaucer, Herrick, Crashaw, Wither, and Southwell, down to Cowper; and from Marvell, Drayton, Waller, Wotton, and Sir William Jones, even to Isaac Watts.

Yet it was William Blake who first peopled Poetry from the nurseries:

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Wild the rhymes may be, but the child-spirit had been caught at last and prisoned in Poetry. And who is the Child but the young brother of the Poet? The man of genius, says Ruskin, differs from the ordinary man, inasmuch as he goes through life with the wide-open eyes of a child. At last in Blake the man of genius frankly accepted his position, and did not dissemble his words.

The movement was a matter of time, however. The poet could not accustom himself to step into the nursery without stilts—still less to skip and to kneel in it.

Man's breathing miniature, thou mak'st me sigh,  
moralised Coleridge over the babe; and now we sigh who read.



Walter Savage Landor, at least, runs a race with a little girl ; but, boor that he is, he does not allow her to win ; and then, when he foregoes his victor's right of a kiss, he makes her complain to her mother—a potman's child rather than a Poet's :

Such modesty I never knew—  
He would no more kiss me than you.

Even Charles Lamb forgot to be really the “frolic and the gentle” in his verses for the nursery ; and Shelley ranted to his son. “Come with me, thou delightful child !” remains as the one memorable line, amid pages of invocation to the infant to “fear not the tyrants will rule for ever.” Tom Hood's

I'll tell you what, my love,  
I cannot write unless he's sent above,

shall be forgiven, and worse than that, to the author of “The Death-bed.” Beside “The Death-bed” may be placed Mr. Matthew Browne's “Flowers and Snow,” and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's “Bristol Boy,” with both of which I made a first memorable meeting in magazines. And with these Mr. Gerald Massey's “Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town” comes to mind, for it, too, is full of tears. What modern England has achieved in this department, the most moving in all Letters, is seen by a comparison of any of these poems with Milton's “Fair Infant Dying of a Cough,” in which he laments

But oh ! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy Heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake His wrath whom sin hath made our foe ?

and, redeeming dulness for an instant, invertedly bids the mother

Think what a present thou to God hast sent.

On to Wordsworth went the magic of Blake. The child as “father of the man” became an object of the world's solicitude. His destiny, past, present, and future, was declared to all. A being so descended, and with Divine possibilities, could no longer be flouted or ignored. One Poet after another became

his hierophant. Dante Rossetti, besides writing "My Sister's Sleep," opens his sonnet, "Broken Music," with an allusion studied from the Child :

The mother will not turn who thinks she hears  
Her nursing's speech first grow articulate ;  
But breathless with averted eyes elate  
She sits, with open lips and open ears,  
That it may call her twice.

And when he seeks the origin of "Dante's love sublimed to Heavenly mood," exhibited in the "Vita Nuova," and

Marvelled touching his Beatitude,  
How grew such presence from man's shameful swarm,

he finds in the Child the Teacher a solution of the mystery :

At length within this book I find pourtrayed  
Newborn that Paradisal love of his,  
And simple like a child ; with whose clear aid  
I understood. To such a child as this,  
Christ, charging well His chosen ones, forbade  
Offence : "For lo ! of such My kingdom is."

George Meredith sees in the child a usurper, indeed ; but how seraphic a one is shown in his

#### MARTIN'S PUZZLE.

There she goes up the street, with her book in her hand,  
And her "Good morning, Martin !" "Ay, lass, how d'ye do ?"  
"Very well, thank you, Martin !" I can't understand !  
I might just as well never have cobbled a shoe !  
I can't understand it. She talks like a song ;  
Her voice takes your ear like the ring of a glass ;  
She seems to give gladness while limping along,  
Yet sinners ne'er suffer'd like that little lass.

First, a fool of a boy ran her down with a cart.  
Then, her fool of a father—a blacksmith by trade—  
Why the deuce does he tell us it half broke his heart ?  
His heart !—where's the leg of the poor little maid ?  
Well, that's not enough ; they must push her down stairs,  
To make her go crooked ; but why count the list ?  
If it's right to suppose that our human affairs  
Are all order'd by Heaven—there, bang goes my fist !

For if angels can look on such sights—never mind !  
When you're next to blaspheming, it's best to be mum.  
The parson declares that her woes wern't designed ;  
But then, with the parson it's all kingdom-come.  
Lose a leg, save a soul—a convenient text ;  
I call it tea doctrine, not savouring of God.  
When poor little Molly wants chastening, why, next  
The Archangel Michael might taste of the rod.

But, to see the poor darling go limping for miles  
To read books to sick people !—and just of an age  
When girls learn the meaning of ribands and smiles !—  
Makes me feel like a squirrel that turns in a cage.  
The more I push thinking, the more I revolve :  
I never get farther ;—and as to her face,  
It starts up when near on my puzzle I solve,  
And says, " This crush'd body seems such a sad case."

Not that she's for complaining ; she reads to earn pence ;  
And from those who can't pay, simple thanks are enough.  
Does she leave lamentation for chaps without sense ?  
Howsoever, she's made up of wonderful stuff.  
Ay, the soul in her body must be a stout cord ;  
She sings little hymns at the close of the day,  
Though she has but three fingers to lift to the Lord,  
And only one leg to kneel down with and pray.

What I ask is, why persecute such a poor dear,  
If there's Law above all ? Answer that if you can !  
Irreligious I'm not ; but I look on this sphere  
As a place where a man should just think like a man.  
It isn't fair dealing ! But contrariwise,  
Do bullets in battle the wicked select ?  
Why, then it's all chance-work ! And yet, in her eyes,  
She holds a fixed something by which I am checked.

Yonder riband of sunshine aslope on the wall,  
If you eye it a minute 'll have the same look ;  
So kind ! and so merciful ! God of us all !  
It's the very same lesson we get from the Book.  
Then, is Life but a trial ? Is that what is meant ?  
Some must toil, and some perish, for others below  
The injustice to each spreads a common content ;  
Ay ! I've lost it again, for it can't be quite so.

She's the victim of fools : that seems near the mark.  
On earth there are engines and numerous fools.

Why the Lord can permit them, we're still in the dark ;  
 He does, and in some sort of way they're His tools.  
 It's a roundabout way, with respect let me add,  
 If Molly goes crippled that we may be taught ;  
 But, perhaps, it's the only way, though it's so bad ;  
 In that case we'll bow down our heads,—as we ought.

But the worst of *me* is, that when I bow my head,  
 I perceive a thought wriggling away in the dust,  
 And I follow its tracks, quite forgetful, instead  
 Of humble acceptance : for, question I must !  
 Here's a creature made carefully—carefully made !  
 Put together with craft, and then stamped on, and why ?  
 The answer seems nowhere : it's discord that's played.  
 The sky's a blue dish ! an implacable sky !

Stop a moment. I seize an idea from the pit.  
 They tell us that discord, though discord, alone,  
 Can be harmony when the notes properly fit :  
 Am I judging all things from a single false tone ?  
 Is the Universe one immense organ, that rolls  
 From devils to angels ? I'm blind with the sight.  
 It pours such a splendour on heaps of poor souls !  
 I might try at keeling with Molly to-night.

Mr. Swinburne might not have been suspected of the tendency ;  
 but the influence of Victor Hugo drew him also into the en-  
 charmed circle. He acknowledges the derivation by the title of  
 his “*Étude Réaliste*,” wherein he sings a Baby's feet, a Baby's  
 hands, and a Baby's eyes. “Like sea-shells pink” he paints a  
 Baby's feet, and it is the happiest touch, as it ought to be, from  
 this singer of the sea. More than a mere daintiness of form,  
 because embodying a passage of child biography, is the same  
 writer's poem headed “A Child's Pity”:

No sweeter thing than children's ways and wiles,  
 Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears ;  
 Yet sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles  
 Are even their tears.

To one for once a piteous tale was read,  
 How, when the murderous mother crocodile  
 Was slain, her fierce brood famished, and lay dead,  
 Starved, by the Nile.



In vast green reed-beds on the vast grey slime  
These monsters motionless and helpless lay,  
Perishing only for the parent's crime  
Whose seed were they.

Hours after, towards the dusk, one blithe small bird  
Of Paradise, who has our hearts in keeping,  
Was heard or seen, but hardly seen or heard,  
For pity weeping.

He was so sorry, sitting still apart,  
For the poor little crocodiles, he said.  
Six years had given him, for an angel's heart,  
A child's instead.

Feigned tears the false beasts shed for murderous ends,  
We know from travellers' tales of crocodiles ;  
But these tears wept upon them of my friend's  
Outshine his smiles.

What heavenliest angels of what heavenly city  
Could match the heavenly heart in children here ?  
The heart that hallowing all things with its pity  
Casts out all fear ?

The Child the Reconciler is given to us by the Poet Laureate. Walter Scott had devised the situation of the mother mourning her dead husband-warrior, consoled only by seeing in her son the future avenger. A gentler inspiration marks the passage of time, and Lord Tennyson gives it lyrical expression :

Home they brought her warrior dead ;  
She nor swooned nor uttered cry.  
All her maidens watching said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

\* \* \* \*

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee.  
Like summer tempest came her tears :  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

The Child, by the mere fact of living, here puts the widow upon terms with life ; and the Child, by the mere fact of being dead, reappears in the Laureate's loveliest lines to put husband



and wife upon terms with each other—the Child is the Reconciler alike in life and in death :

As through the land at eve we went  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
We fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

\* \* \* \*

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost it other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave  
We kissed again with tears.

The Laureate leaves behind his lyric splendours when he goes into the "Children's Hospital," though one verse in it is a study from child-life. Emmie has overheard the doctor give her up, and she solves a problem of theology with the girl in the next cot :

"He says I shall never live through it ; O Annie, what shall I do?" Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you, I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for Emmie, you see, It's all in the picture there, 'Little children should come to Me : ' " (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees). "Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but, then, if I call to the Lord, How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward !" That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said :— "Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain, It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

\* \* \* \*

He had brought His ghastly tools : we believed her asleep again— Her dear, long, lean little arms lying out on the counterpane.

To his grandson, Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate dedicates his "Ballads and Other Poems" :

O mine, and mine of mine,  
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,

recalling Ben Jonson "On his First Son":

Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say here doth lie  
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.

Mr. Charles Tennyson-Turner's "Letty's Globe" will be found a perfect poem and a perfect allegory.

Mrs. Browning was the first among the poets to fulfil the ideal of the woman writing of the child. In her earlier poems she devoted to him a large space, as in "Isobel's Child." In her later poems there was more compression, and sometimes she contented herself with an allusion. By "Cowper's Grave" she sang:

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,  
That turns his fevered eyes around, "My mother, where's my mother?"  
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other:

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him:  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life-long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in Death to save him.

In words as noble and moving she addresses a father and mother who have lost a child, and have remaining to them "only a curl" of the bright locks put away "out of reach beyond kiss in the clay."

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh  
—Nay there let me break with your pain:  
God's generous in giving, say I,  
And the thing which He gives, I deny  
That He ever can take back again.

He gives what He gives. I appeal  
To all who bear babes—in the hour,  
When the veil of the body we feel  
Rent round us—while torments reveal  
The motherhood's advent in power;

And the babe cries! has each of us known  
By apocalypse (God being there  
Full in nature) the child is our own:  
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,  
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

*The Child set in the Midst.*

He's ours and for ever. Believe  
 O father! O mother, look back  
 To the first love's assurance. To give  
 Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive  
 With cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what He gives. Be content!  
 He resumes nothing given—be sure!  
 God lend? Where the usurers lent  
 In His temple, indignant He went  
 And scourged away all those impure.

In "Little Mattie" a girl's death is again the theme:

Just so young but yesternight,  
 Now she is as old as death.  
 Meek, obedient, in your sight,  
 Gentle to a beck or breath  
 Only on last Monday! Yours,  
 Answering you like silver bells  
 Lightly touched! An hour matures:  
 You can teach her nothing else.  
 She has seen the mystery hid  
 Under Egypt's pyramid:  
 By those eyelids pale and close  
 Now she knows what Rhamses knows

\* \* \* \*

You, you had the right, you thought,  
 To survey her with sweet scorn,  
 Poor gay child, who had not caught  
 Yet the octave stretch forlorn  
 Of your larger wisdom! Nay,  
 Now your places are changed so,  
 In the same superior way  
 She regards you dull and low,  
 As you did herself exempt  
 From life's sorrows. Grand contempt  
 Of the spirits risen awhile,  
 Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of't. That, I think,  
 Hurts the most a thousandfold.  
 To feel sudden, at a wink,  
 Some dear child we used to scold,  
 Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,  
 Teach and tumble as our own,  
 All its curls about our knees,

Rise up suddenly full grown.  
Who could wonder such a sight  
Made a woman mad outright?  
Show me Michael with the sword  
Rather than such angels, Lord!

At "A Child's Grave at Florence," a babe's whose life "by months, not years, was reckoned," the same thoughts crowd in, and the Mother goes out to the Mother:

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts  
With spirit unbereaven.  
"God will not take back His gifts;  
My Lily's mine in Heaven.

"Still mine!" maternal rights, serene,  
Not given to another!  
The crystal bars shine faint between  
The souls of Child and Mother.

"Meanwhile," the mother cries, "Content!  
Our love was well divided:  
Its sweetness following where she went,  
Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,  
And give her all the sweetness;  
To us the empty room and Cot,  
To her the Heaven's Completeness.

"To us this grave, to her the rows,  
The mystic palm-trees spring in;  
To us, the silence in the house,  
To her the choral singing."

So speaks the Mother. What of the Father? Mr. Coventry Patmore, as if to save the supremacies he has maintained in theory, came to tell the world what the Masculine mind can conceive of tenderness for the Child. The poet who has invested Domesticity with its native and lapsed dignity, and has transformed dowdyness into distinction, he presents to us the Boy, the Explainer of God to man. A parent, touched by the sight of the trivial compensations his child takes in time of banishment, comprehends the Heavenly Father's attitude to his great family on earth, erring, and comforted by such trifles:

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,  
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
 I struck him, and dismiss'd  
 With hard words and unkiss'd,  
 His mother, who was patient, being dead.  
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
 I visited his bed,  
 But found him slumbering deep,  
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
 From his late sobbing wet.  
 And I, with moan,  
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;  
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
 He had put, within his reach,  
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,  
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
 And six or seven shells,  
 A bottle with bluebells,  
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art  
 To comfort his sad heart.  
 So when that night I pray'd  
 To God, I wept, and said :  
 "Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
 Not vexing Thee in death,  
 And Thou rememberest of what toys  
 We made our joys,  
 How weakly understood  
 Thy great commanded good,  
 Then, fatherly not less  
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say  
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.' "

"The Toys" first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Mr. Greenwood's editing, signed by the initials "C. P." The association is worth recalling, for it was Mr. Greenwood himself who, years later, touched the heart of the town in a few lines of prose. I repeat from memory. A child is at its mother's door. "Is that you, darling?" she cries. "No, mother, it's me," the child answers, not being the pet whom its mother would so address. There must be another world, says Mr. Greenwood, to redress the inequalities of this. Wherein we have again the Child as the argument for Immortality.



The leaven has spread. Take up a book by any typical modern poet and see the hold the Child has on him. If he does not actually write poems about Children which I can take for quotation, none the less do I find that the Children beset his paths. He shows that they expound and elucidate Heaven and earth for him. At every difficult turn they are among the constant allusions of life, a population to be referred to and reckoned with. One such work is at my hand.

O Spring, I know thee! seek for sweet surprise  
In the young children's eyes,

exclaims the writer, at the very opening, unable to elude the child. In a time of deprivation, the child remains as comforter and compensation:

Although my life is left so dim,  
The morning crowns the mountain brim;  
Joy is not gone from summer skies,  
Nor innocence from children's eyes;  
And all these things are part of him.

And there comes a new pity for "children in their lonely hour," since man feels that it answers to his own recurring sense of isolation: indeed, a new pity for them since it is perceived that they share the latent mysterious melancholy which invades all objects of beauty:

No, not sad; we are beguiled,  
Sad with living as we are;  
Ours the sorrow, outpouring  
Sad self on a selfless thing,  
As our eyes and hearts are mild  
With our sympathy for spring,  
With a pity sweet and wild  
For the innocent and far,  
With our sadness in a star  
Or our sadness in a child.

Then we have the Child the Legislator—giving to the young bough the bend which will stay with the ancient trunk. Well may this Poet address her own childhood:

But how dare you use me so ? For you bring my ripe years low  
 To your child's whim and a destiny your child soul could not know.  
 And that small voice legislating I revolt against with tears,  
     But you mark not through the years.

I rebel not, child gone by, but obey you wonderingly,  
 For you knew not, young rash speaker, all you spoke and now will I,  
 With the life and all the loneliness revealed that you thought fit,  
     Sing the Amen, knowing it.

And more says the Modern Poet to this young Arbiter of fate.  
 Nay, now we cannot kiss the common child without a multitude  
 of emotions, knitting together the past, the present, the future :

    So, child, I kiss you tall and changed  
     In that one kiss, and kiss you a man and old,  
     And so I kiss you dead.

And the Child as the final Model remains—where Poet and  
 Saint may unite to testify :

    Failing in penitence, I who fail in all,  
     Leave all my thoughts alone, and lift mine eyes  
     Quietly to One Who makes amends for me.  
     Less than I knew, less than I know, am I,  
     Returning Childless, but, O Father, a Child !

The last comer among the Immortals, Mr. Francis Thompson,  
 passes from the place of preparation to the place of fruition,  
 and gives the clue to his own eternal whereabouts :

    Look for me in the Nurseries of Heaven !

This great Poet's work is already familiar to the privileged  
 readers of these pages.

It would not be poetical justice had the Nurse no share in the  
 new glory given to her charge. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson  
 has placed her, with his own perfection, on a dedication page  
 "To Alison Cunningham":

    For all the nights you lay awake,  
     And watched for my unworthy sake !  
     For your most comfortable hand  
     Which led me through the uneven land :  
     For all the story-books you read :  
     For all the pains you comforted :

For all you pitied, all you bore,  
In sad and happy days of yore :—  
My second Mother, my first Wife,  
The angel of my infant life—  
From the sick child now well and old,  
Take, nurse, the little book you hold !

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read,  
May have as dear a nurse at need !

The watches of a mother by the bed of fever are made with magic in verses which Mr. Stevenson contributed to a friend's newspaper, and which he called "The Sick Child":

CHILD.

O, mother, lay your hand on my brow !  
O, mother, mother, where am I now ?  
Why is the room so gaunt and great ?  
Why am I lying awake so late ?

MOTHER.

Fear not at all ; the night is still,  
Nothing is here that means you ill.  
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,  
And never a child awake but you.

CHILD.

Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,  
Some of the things are so great and near,  
Some are so small and far away,  
I have a fear that I cannot say.  
What have I done, and what do I fear,  
And why are you crying, mother dear ?

MOTHER.

Out in the city sounds begin,  
Thank the kind God, the carts come in !  
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,  
The day shall be blue on the window blind.  
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,  
To dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

---

So in the dream-beleagured night,  
While the other children lie  
Quiet, and the stars are high,  
The poor unused and playful mite  
Lies strangling in the grasp of fright.

O, when all golden comes the day,  
And the other children leap,  
Singing, from the doors of sleep,  
Lord, take Thy heavy hand away,  
Lord, in Thy mercy, heal or slay!

Strange it is that Child-fear had waited to be so poignantly touched until it came under hand of a gay and buoyant singer. It is more appropriate than most things are in life that the author of these verses has had his own childhood sung as Mr. W. E. Henley sings it in the lines "To R. L. S." And is the nurse, to whom the child ran, the real Alison Cunningham? Happy nurse to be twice sung!

In his delightful "Garden of Verses," Mr. Stevenson shows us the man of genius devoting all his delicate art to the service of the nursery, so that, children's poems though they are, the grown-up lector delights in his lessons. Mr. Coventry Patmore made his selections for "The Children's Garland" on the basis of their doing double duty by being such as appeal to both youth and age, while Mr. Eric Robertson's "Children of the Poets" includes poems which remain in the world for young readers only. The breadth of these collections is the measure of the limitation of that which it delighted me to make of the poems of Childhood, not appealing to the Child, but appealing rather to the world on behalf of the Child.\* They may not mould the boy or girl, but they will mould the Age, newly informed, in its attitude towards Infancy. The boy is proclaimed by the Poet as the instructor. By him is human and Divine Truth taught. And in return for the lesson, the great company of Parents recognise in the Child an individuality once denied him, and devote to his separate career a tenderer care. It is fitting that the generation which limited the labour of child workers, and was more moved than its predecessors to protect infancy against physical wrong, should be the

\*"The Child Set in the Midst : By Modern Poets." (The Leadenhall Press.)

age also in which poets have proclaimed "the cloud of glory," in which the child comes "from God Who is our home." He comes as a King's messenger—the link between "the kindred points of Heaven and home:" Heaven which can be entered by only those who become as little children, and the home on earth which is his own creation.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



*The Sirens.*

**B**ELIEF in God was childhood's rock,  
Whence youth first glimpséd the seas of doubt  
With tremor of some damning shock,  
Till dalliance launch'd its venture out :  
And habit sail'd the seas of doubt.

No anchorage in those weltering seas  
Homeless, and dark with spume of hell :  
No haven of reliant ease  
Where hope might anchor, faith might dwell :  
No coast-line but the coast of hell.

The sirens haunt the teeth of wreck  
On that damn'd coast, and make foul fair  
By witching call and luring beck,  
By sophistry like music rare  
Which feeds self-love, and makes foul fair.

FIRST SIREN.

"Who knoweth when the dawn shall break  
With blushing gold this night of time,  
And welded shadow, flake on flake,  
Melt in the white God-lighted clime?  
Hope, tranced beside the backward myths,  
Reads all the forward in their glow,  
God's word on Eastern monoliths,  
And lights the upward from below.

Hope's phosphorescent vision sees  
The future with her own shafts lit,  
And prophecies of dawn ; but these  
Are mere elf-lights which dance and flit.  
We wait the breaking of the dawn,  
And hoping, trusting, nothing know :  
Oh, for the first thin streak of morn !  
Till when the shadows blacker grow."

SECOND SIREN.

"Who knoweth if a dawn shall be ?  
And reason, science, both are dumb.  
Silence is sure, and mystery,  
From faith alone the voices come.  
Faith's voice is pitched in rapture's key,  
And takes the heart as music does,  
And blind men dare as men who see,  
Make friends with death as one of us.  
Ah ! when the marching strains shall cease—  
The witching call of fife and drum—  
Shall triumph, born of noise, increase  
When silence and the end are come ? "

FIRST SIREN.

"From lowest type to highest man—  
Fine climax to the common clay—  
The highest, which the latest scan,  
Have essence half Divine, we say.  
Why not Divine ? we know nought higher  
Than this brain-regulated clod.  
Man takes from man Promethean fire  
And makes himself an abstract God :  
Conceives the highest human type  
For his ideal deity ;

But surely now the time is ripe  
 To scale the zenith godhead-free,  
 Or deify humanity?"

## SECOND SIREN.

"Let go the rotting hulks of faith:  
 From reason's shore their cables slip,  
 And Christian creed and pagan myth  
 Fade dreamward in doom'd fellowship.  
 Free from the tyranny of creeds,  
 The fetters of unreasoning faith,  
 Man counts not on his godlike deeds;  
 But 'ye are gods' the future saith."

## THIRD SIREN.

"Is life worth living? Who shall say  
 But they who cull the flowers of life:  
 'Twixt purple feast and lusty play  
 Forget the meagre care and strife:  
 Forget false foe and falser friend  
 In worship of some maid divine:  
 Forget the silence of the end  
 In laughter born of generous wine:  
 Take life voluptuously and soft  
 In amorous Nature's kindly ways,  
 And, having lived, regret not oft  
 The need for sleep that ends their days."

---

Youth's pliant leisure—taking then  
 Comfort of faith, in years to come—  
 Spent in the scoffing ways of men,  
 Was squander'd to the edge of doom  
 And now the years of doubt are come.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

## *A Phantasy on Greek.*

"We are pleased to learn that in these later days Greek is almost entirely excluded from the educational curriculum in most English schools and Colleges."—*Extract from daily paper.*

**I**T was winter time, and snow lay deep upon the Monastery lands. Indoors the cells were cold; and a feeble Monk, grey with many a year, left the one he called his own, for it was very chilly, and he was very old. He bent his tottering steps to the Community room, for here monastic rule allowed a fire, and in its blaze he took a seat on which to rest and warm his aged bones. His Breviary was in his hand. He had long ceased to answer to the Matin bell. He was now too weak to join the choir in church, and so, perforce, must read his Office as best he could. It was a large Breviary, and the type was big, and his eyesight dim. He sat down upon a very simple wooden chair, armless and uncushioned, as monastic chairs always are, and opened his Breviary on his knee. Slowly and quietly, as old Monks do, he read his Matins in a gentle, whispering voice, that seemed to waken echoes all around. It was the Feast of St. John of the Golden Mouth, and in the lessons the old Monk read the words: "Joannes Chrysostomus, a forensibus et sæcularibus studiis ad divinas litteras summâ eum ingenii et industriæ laude se contulit." He read the words again, very slowly and very earnestly, dwelling with pathetic tenderness on the phrase, *sæcularibus studiis*. And even a third time he muttered them. At length he dozed away in sleep, for the fire was very warm, and he was very old.

"*Sæcularibus studiis.*" That must mean Aristophanes," so

the old man dreamt, "for did not the Saint preserve his plays? I wonder if it is true that a manuscript of the pagan satirist lay under the pillow beneath the saintly head of the ancient father. How sarcastically the playwright scourges the education of his own day, a fit semblance, so I have been told, to that of this age of ours. I remember how, in the 'Clouds,' he describes for us poor moderns the result of this education. A father goes to school, but soon returns, for he is too old to learn. And then, forsooth, the son must go. He is a masher—aye, that's the new term for what in my young days was called a fop—and can bet, and ride, and play. A fine education he gets! He learns to strike his father, and, for his ignorance, to treat him with infinite scorn.

"And, then, think of women's rights!" Here the old Monk's face beams again with a pleasant smile. "It seems only yesterday since my Lady tried her best, so I have been told—for my eyes are too dim now to read the papers, and my mind is too bent on other and better things to take much notice of how the world is wagging—tried her best to keep the seat which she had won on the London County Council, whatever that may mean. Poor women of these later days! the ladies of the time of Aristophanes—you will find it in 'Lysistrata'—stormed the Acropolis, and took the places of their husbands, and tried to rule and legislate. They gave the business up, for they could not trust their babies to the men, and their food was so badly cooked that they became, as I am, cholerick and dyspeptic. Grand old satirist!

"And the lucky man knew Euripides and Æschylus, the former with his love for Iphigenia, and Theonoe, and Alcestis, all lovable women; and the latter, with his fearful horror of Fate, his Prometheus bound in chains, defying the lightnings, but shrinking with abject cowardice before an awful destiny. Fine old poets these! I loved them well when my eyes were bright and I could read.



“And then the great Sophocles! I loved him more than all the rest. Poor Œdipus! He read the sphinx’s riddle, and because of it met his fate in the person of his own mother. He would have killed her, but she forestalled him, and with the golden bodkin that held her robes around her she put out both his eyes. My God!

‘O, spare mine eyes  
Though to no use but still to look on you.’

(And the poor Monk shook in every limb, and the shadow of anguish was on his face.)

“And then I remember Antigone, the bravest pagan girl that ever lived, who dared the law, and sprinkled dust upon the body of her brother, and then was cast into a cave. Hæmon, her lover, seeks her out; but the maid is dead, and the poor fellow—men could love in those days—drew his sword and plunged it into his own breast, and sank to die upon the body of her whom he loved so much.

“Ah! all this reminds me of Homer, and his grand Iliad battles, fought for the dead bodies of Sarpedon and Patroclus; and the revenge that Achilles took, when he lashed the corpse of Hector to his chariot, and dragged it round the walls of Troy; and the piteous prayer of heart-broken Priam, almost the best of Homer’s heroes, when he begged for the body of his dead son that he might bury it.

“O death! I feel it coming on me now—the poor old pagans knew what death meant. I remember Lucian—but then he knew some Christians, and so had better sense than his forefathers—tells us in his dialogues—I was but a lad when I read them—all about the daily life of the gods, and how poor mortals come to it at last. Yet they must leave all earthly things behind them. Fame and greatness, and power and wealth, these they cannot take across the Styx. When once they put their feet in Charon’s boat, they must be stark naked, stripped of all. ‘Pay thy fare!’ Where am I?”

And the old Monk rubbed his eyes and looked around. The fire was very warm. His Breviary was on the floor, fallen as he slept. A bell was sounding from the Monastery tower. He wondered what it meant. At length he realised that it was the hour of the midday meal. He rose as best he could to his tottering feet, and with a heavy heart made his way to the cloister, and thence, with the other Monks, into the refectory. He had already one foot in Charon's boat, and the other he felt would soon be following, it dragged so much to-day. In silence and sadness he took his meal. The youthful Monk who read, and who usually could make even his dull ears to hear, had no interest for him now. He scarce knew what food he took, and all the time the remembrance of his dream was before him. Monks eat quickly, especially young ones, and he felt a little glad when the Abbot gave the sign and the grace was sung. Slowly, and with the others, leaning for support on one who was kind enough to help him, he walked into the recreation room. Here his place was next to the Monk and priest who guided and controlled the studies of the few boys who were privileged to learn within the Monastery walls. He turned to him as if to speak.

"What does the garrulous old man want now?" So thought the youngster, though he did not express his thoughts, for modern education had given him this much politeness.

"Do you teach Greek?" the old man gently asked.

"Greek! No, not I; and no one else here and in these days." So spake the youth, and a sneer was on his face.

"Ah! my dear *confrère*," and the old Monk sighed as though his heart would break, "you know not what you have lost. And the poor, wee lads! Why, they have been robbed of one-half the pleasure of their little lives! Woe is me! I cannot rightly understand what men so proudly call the 'culture' of modern days."

And the old man stumbled his way as best he could back again into the cell he called his own. "*A sæcularibus studiis ad*

*divinas litteras.*" Before his crucifix he slowly knelt him down, as was his wont, and a smile of joy lit up his wrinkled face, for sure enough above the head of Him Who died for men, he found the Greek he loved so much : " And it was written in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin " (St. John xix. 20).

B. A. BEAUVOISIN, O.S.B.

*Lil: an Idyll of the Borough.*

“**L**IL,” whined Louie, “ain’t yer got *no* sweeties for me?”

“Garn,” answered Lil, absently, over her needlework.

“Oh! Lil!” sobbed Louie, “I’se so hungwy!”

“Eat yer head, then, yer dainty little cat, yer,” returned Lil.

“It makes me sick to yeat dwy bwead,” sobbed Louie.

“Oh—git!” was what Lil said to that, with a bored air.

Then, in the after-silence, sharply: “’Ere’s Liz, arsk ’er.”

Liz came in on the word, the eldest of the sisters—one year older than Lil in age, and centuries in care. Lil was seventeen. Louie, who always lay crunched up on her knees on a pillow, because of her diseased backbone, reckoned *her* years to be four. She could still remember the time when she had a pair of boots and stood in them. Yet her knees were hard now with the pressure of her enforced attitude! “For a kid not turned five ’er mem’ry’s wonderful,” Liz used to declare.

Louie was not lovely, having a pinched mouth, two high-boned, very white cheeks, glittering eyes, and a deformed, emaciated body. I liken her most to a frost-bitten, little, white rabbit, who has been maimed in a trap and kept on short rations from the nest upwards. No! Louie was not lovely, nor at all like her wonderful sister, Lil.

For Lil had an Angel’s loveliness, albeit of a restless, passion-swayed, unangelic nature. A mouth that was made to laugh, and eyes that shot back glorious defiance on friends and foes alike,

were also Lil's. When you consider that she was only a starving seamstress (as her mother had been before) her rare beauty was the greater marvel.

This wonderful beauty "unclassed" her, at last, since it was of such a supreme type. But that was inevitable. While Lil lived in the Borough the Angels held their breath. But Lil, herself, feared nothing, until she had tasted security.

Lil's elder sister, Liz, was plain, even by the Borough standard of comeliness. Yet Liz had lovely eyes, that had never been anything but utterly sad since they first opened on the light that filtered into the family one-roomed home, from Redhill Road. Redhill Road is in the Borough, and no more hopeless hells abound on earth; and here, also, in due course, appeared Lil; and a long time after (when many dead brothers and sisters had sickened their mother of life) Louie, herself, came.

Here!—where we find them in that merry month of our last May! You could see that Liz stooped piteously as she came in, because she had grown up bending over a needle. Yet she should have had the lovely figure that first caused that man to turn and stare after Lil one spring evening, some weeks back—who knew now what kisses tasted like off Lil's scarlet lips.

Of this man what shall I say? To his friends he was known as the rising "impressionable" artist of the day. To the public he was an object of speculative curiosity, as most gifted young men who have a firm belief in their own future come to be sooner or later. He told Lil to call him "Redmond." But to Redhill Road he was only vaguely known as "Lil's swell lover." Louie called him "Lil's gentill-man." *Once* he came "home" with Lil! For full three days after that never-to-be-repeated event, Louie thought the everlasting age of sweeties had begun.

What Jim Bellairs thought on the subject of "Redmond" was never clearly known. He was Lil's "young man," and drifted straightway, on the fact of it, from an earnestly fought for sobriety of several months into a condition of continuous semi-



intoxication, varied only by appalling outbursts of raging drunkenness. In the first of these he threatened to "bash Lil's head in when he came across her." The second outburst was memorable by his vigour of sentiment against the unknown "swell" who had stolen his girl from him. Lil did not know fear; but Liz lived in daily dread that Lil's jilted sweetheart should discover the whereabouts of "Lil's lover," and trace him to his doom; the fear rising to fever-point when it was told in Redhill Road, a week after Jim's last outbreak, that he was keeping sober on purpose to track his enemy down.

Liz bent lower and lower over her work as she recalled the expressions applied to Lil by the feminine element of the neighbourhood. From the time she came in that afternoon, when we first see her, I do not think she raised her eyes once, until six o'clock chimed out from a neighbouring church, and Lil flung down her work.

Then she only glanced up to say, reproachfully :

"You ain't goin' out *this* night, Lil?"

"Guess I am," responded Lil, laughing. She had only laughed when Liz, white with shame, had whispered to her what the women of their street were calling her.

"Oh, Lil! 'twere only a year ago to-day mother died! Even Louie remembers, don't ye, Lou? Don't go *this* night, dear!"

Liz's work was also on the floor. She, herself, kneeling on it; her arms round Lil's waist, her up-turned beseeching eyes on Lil's defiant face.

"If yer thought o' mother you couldn't go wrong," went on Liz, a scarlet spot showing in each white cheek; and since Lil preserved her defiant silence. "Jim Bellairs is goin' to git the men to call out after ye when ye pass, Lil! Peggy Winter told me! Oh, Lil! *If* the men ——"

But Lil put her aside and ran out, laughing to the end; and Liz never saw the lightning playing out of her eyes that stopped

on her lips more than one woman's gibe as she swept past down Redhill Road.

"Brutes—brutes—brutes," thought Lil, thinking of the men. She knew what were the lives of most of the women of the Road: and she knew, also, that a lamp flung by a drunken husband into her face; a kick of his nailed boots on her prostrate body; his fists in her eyes; and a chair-back on her breasts, do not improve a woman's looks, nor compensate for the bearing of many sickly babies.

"An' that's all I'd ever git with Jim," thought Lil, pausing irresolutely at the end of the long street.

There was still time to turn back. Lil and one other knew that she could yet be any man's, to keep or to discard. That she would fail to come to him *this* night Redmond doubted no more than he doubted dawn would follow that night of his desire. His promises rang very sweetly in her ears; yet Lil paused. She was thinking of a night, long ago, when she had walked down a green lane, somewhere in the "Forest," with Jim's arm round her waist.

It was not too late yet.

"'Ee don't speak of marriage," thought Lil, thinking of that other and his golden promises. "Oh, Jim! if *you'd* promise to be kind to me always —"

Her fingers went up to her eyes, what they found there causing them to smart grievously where they were pricked almost to the bone.

"No, no!" thought Lil, in something of a panic. "I can't—I'm not like the other gals! I *can't* be a slave for ever—me that am like—like a queen 'ee sez for beauty. An' oh, I'm tired, tired o' workin' eighteen hours outer twenty-four—an' starvin' with it all!"

She was born into the life of the women of Redhill Road. Lil knew so well *what* that life was. Out of the story-books the chances of jumping clean out of one life into another that

is edged with a golden border, and goes beyond into the dizzying, not altogether fearsome unknown, are very few and far between.

Yet Lil hesitated on the outskirts of Redhill Road, thinking more of Jim, and Liz, and sharp-eyed Louie than of—*him*.

The evening breezes blew a woman's voice to her, from the human kennels at the back of the road :

"Oh! Jack! don't—don't! It 'urts so!"

The sound of blows was very familiar to Lil; as was the sickening thud that followed; and the banging that followed on that thud—a banging as if "Jack" were banging that woman's head (from whom the cry arose) on the floor where she had fallen. Yet this evening Lil fled from the familiar sound of it—fled westwards, turning towards the crimson sunset a white scared face that knew no fear or shame when the women called her names, or Jim threatened to bash her head in for giving him the go by.

Redmond never knew how near he had been to losing his prize for ever that night. Nor Jim *what* convincing dread—rather than woman's fickleness and man's treachery—lost him his sweetheart. The loss of looks; the weary bearing of wailing babies; the drunken blows; the eighteen hours work over a needle between two dawns—these daily items of a wife's life fail to appeal to the male mind where matters of matrimony are concerned in the Borough.

In 99, Redhill Road, where the girls lived, there was a serious division of opinion after Lil's flight had been recognised as an indisputable fact. Louie thought that as Lil was "Jim's gal fust," his was the prior right to her now. Also, any means of getting her back was justifiable in her mature consideration. In the old days Jim used to bring Louie more sweeties and "custid tarts" than she could count now. The promise of Redmond's one appearance—thrilling as it was in hope (alas! since vain!) failed in fulfilment. Three anxious days elapsed

before Liz had prevailed upon Louie to promise, on her "truth and honour," she would never reveal to Bellairs, or anyone, Lil's hiding-place—that house where Redmond lived in pagan unconventionality; the nest to which he had called his bird, to teach and to train it (if the mood lasted) to standards more according to his tastes than those of the Borough, and in the meantime to admire it.

This promise was well extracted when it was. On the evening of the fourth day, a dishevelled, unkempt apparition appeared on Floor 5, No. 99, and, demanding Lil's address with curt directness, signified that it would be eternally condemned if it didn't stay till it got it.

Liz was tying her bonnet on to go out, intending to appeal once more in person to Lil to come home with her, and live as "Mother 'd 'ave 'er live." On Bellairs's appearance and threat Liz turned pale, and took off her bonnet. The man was not so dull witted as not instantly to perceive the hopeless impossibility of overcoming her resolve. But her action was tantalising in the extreme when he remembered Louie's weaknesses and her former partiality for him.

Nevertheless, he could not outstay Liz in her own home; and while he stayed Liz's bonnet remained on the table. The man and woman eyed each other in grim silence for an hour—Louie looking on from her pillows with curious, glittering eyes.

"I'll git 'er yit, an' 'im—an' pay you out, too, mistress Liz," muttered Jim, as he beat, at last, his undignified retreat. And Liz, with an added fear to life, locked herself in that night, when she had prevailed on Louie to stop crying (who could not eat dry bread because it made her sick, and who was so very, very hungry) with the promise of the first halfpenny she could spare, out of "household expenses," for a "custid-cake."

Yet Louie had to weep long at breakfast next morning, because that halfpenny was not forthcoming. (It was not coined, Louie!) And dinner (although the bread in this case was tem-



pered with baked potato) and tea (which was a heart-rending repetition of breakfast) were respectively partaken of, rather than enjoyed, to the same dolorous accompaniment.

Do you think I am not feeling for Louie's tears? I hardly know any more pitiful sound than the crying of a little diseased child who cannot eat "dwy bwead." And if I think this, what must Liz have thought about it, who had the sound to keep time to with her needle, from hour to hour?

"I'd git yer custids an' jellies, too, Lou, ef I'd the money," was all Liz *said*, and so wearily that it was sadder to hear than Louie's sobbing.

"L—l—it's got lots of good fings to yeat, I guess, *now*," was Louie's reply, broken by sobs. "Wish I was Lil!"

"No yer don't!" cried Liz, sharply. "Lil's a naughty gal, and ye're good, 'cept when ye cry when I tell yer I can't buy yer sweeties and custids. The idea!—with prices risin' so through them strikes too! Lou! I'm ashamed at your naughtiness! I didn't think ye was sich a baby."

For Louie was dissolved afresh in tears. It was not until she had sniffed out: "'f I weren't sick I'd yeat bwead an' taters—'tisn't naughtiness to be sick"—that Liz read those tears for *remorse*.

Liz slipped downstairs that night, out into the Road, and beyond, into an almost unknown land, not at all suspecting Bellairs's sinister designs when she should be away; nor *what* should come of her visit to Redmond's home.

She would have locked Louie in had she guessed that ten minutes after her departure Jim would be sitting by Louie's bed, drawing from his capacious pockets three bags of sponge cakes, "custid tarts," and raspberry drops respectively, and a bunch of what Louie rapturously called "bunny 'yarnas." The glory of the feast caused Lou's eyes to glitter like fire-balls, and her nostrils to spread expectantly. Said Jim, laying a hand on her little, waxen fingers, spread, as impartially as was possible, over the dainties on her pillow:



"For *ye*, Lou! Brought 'em for ye, ev'ry bloomin' one! See these tarties! Like custids, Lou?"

"Yuss," smacked Louie, with a little laugh. "Yuss! Fank you, Jim, de—ar."

Liz had found time (Heaven only knows how or when!) to teach Lou her manners and her prayers. The one was wont to slip memory when Louie felt extra tired; the other was rarely forgotten, even in moments of great excitement like the present. Jim was not altogether a brute. It was with lips grown paler and a hoarse voice that he stammered:

"But, Lou, gal—ye're—ye're—to *pay* me for these 'ere sweeties!"

The light went out suddenly from Louie's eyes. "I ain't no money," she whispered, with a little catch in her breath. "N' more's Liz."

"Not money," explained Jim, hoarser than ever. "'T ain't that I'm meanin', Lou. I—want—ye—to—tell—me—where—Lil—lives—Louie!"

The world stood still while Jim held his breath for Louie's answer.

"Come," said he, in a voice meant to be encouraging, but only husky. "*Ye* know, yer sly little cat!"

"But—I've pwomised Liz I wouldn't," gasped Louie, staring wildly and despairingly into Jim's lowering, eager eyes. "Oh dee! Oh dee!" moaned Louie, as two large tears rose to her piteous eyes, "I promised."

"Never mind Liz, she's an old cat! Tell me, yer old pal, Jim, Louie, an' I'll see she don't 'urt yer," said Bellairs, in his choked, husky voice.

"If yer don't, Lou, I'm damned if ye gits one o' these 'ere sweeties an' things I've brought yer—not a bloomin' bite," went on Jim, fiercely, as those tears rolled slowly down Lou's pitiably thin, white cheeks.

"I—don't—know—*where*—Lil—lives," said Lou's very pitiful lips to that, tightening her grip on the bags and fruit.

"That's a damned lie," returned Jim, ruthlessly drawing bags and bananas from those fierce, quivering little fingers. "Yer know an' yer won't tell, yer little vixen!"

"Only 'cause I pwomised Liz, twoof an' 'onor," sobbed Louie, "'lse I'd tell, twoof an' 'onor, Jim! Oh! give me my fings!" sobbed Louie; "they'r' mine—mine! You said they was!"

In her anguish Louie bit the hand that was snatching away her last bag. With a blow on her ear that half-stunned her, Jim stumbled savagely away. As he clattered down the crazy staircase he heard her voice shrieking after him to bring her back "her fings—her fings he pwomised her," when returning consciousness had reawakened her to the desolation of loss.

"The damned little——" thought Jim. "I'll pay Liz out, though!"

At first this feat seemed more easy of desire than of realisation. Till an unguarded word of Liz, the next day, to a neighbour, concerning her over night's visit, and the women's subsequent gossip, showed a light in the darkness! Jim's plan (no sooner conceived than carried out!) to acquaint Liz's young man with his girl's making sly and secret visits by night to Redmond's house, was not so melodramatically inadequate, nor so absurd and forlorn a hope as it appears in print. Liz's young man, Dick Waterman—having tired of Liz's white cheeks ever since Redhill Road told aloud that Eliza Burroughes, of the scarlet cheeks and big black eyes, was more than ready to jump into his arms (a singularly idle pair!)—was only withheld from breaking off with Liz and taking on with 'Liza, by the convincing absence of any adequate reason therefor, beyond his own inclinations. Without which he dared not move; knowing that to cast Liz off thus would bring him into the wars with a certain section of the women of Redhill Road, with whom he particularly desired, for reasons of his own, to stand well.

Liz did not know of this fresh trouble hanging over her when

she returned home, after her fruitless visit. She had seen Lil (a new Lil, and yet the same, for one moment, where she kissed Liz for good-bye, and bade her, with a little sobbing laugh, give her love to "old Lou"! ) but Lil was firm in her choice, and refused to be moved therefrom. The trouble of Lil's wilful shame was heavy upon Liz as she returned to 99, Redhill Road, where she found Louie, on her knees, her face buried in the pillow that was sticky with the passing trail of the paper bags, and sodden with hopeless tears.

"Only 'cause I'd pwomised twoof an' 'onor," sobbed Louie, "wish I'd 'adn't! Oh! I *wish* I'd 'adn't!"

It was the very next evening that Dick Waterman came to No. 99 wearing a look of extreme and injured virtue. It was less his fault than that of his insignificant features that that look should produce on him a more curish than lofty effect. While his voice that told Liz (a statue of stone the other side of the table!) that he could not, no! he could not, as a self-respecting man, have anything more to do with a girl who paid visits in the dark to other men's houses, and carried on so outrageously with loose men, as Liz did—might have been sublime if it had not been so extremely and passionately husky.

But Liz, who *loved* Dick—weak, worthless fellow as he was!—heard nothing but her sentence. That she heard out in utter silence. Dick, glancing one awed second over his shoulder, as he shuffled out, to pay court to 'Liza Burroughes, marvelled that she had kept so still and quiet. It was not like the customs of Redhill Road women!

A little quiver passed over Liz's strained, stunted features when Dick's footsteps had died away. I think the reason her teeth met on her tongue till her mouth was full of blood was because there was a grinding pain in her breast, as if something were being stretched there to bursting point; and that other pain brought relief to this one. When she had washed her

mouth out she set about getting tea for Louie, who was crying because she was so very hungry. But when tea was brought to Louie she refused to eat it, with another burst of weeping, because it was nothing but dry bread, and dry bread made her sick.

Liz cried that night, too ; almost as much as Louie did, in her weakness and dreary hunger. But Liz cried because her woman's heart was broken.

"Redmond's goin' to take me *right* away," whispered Lil, returned to Redhill Road in the twilight of one late May evening—"to teach me, an' show me all sorts of lovely places! He's—he's *that* fond o' me, Liz, as never was!"

Lil's eyes told Liz, then (what Lil herself would never tell!) that Redmond's personality was not wholly displeasing to *her*. Did that telling comfort Liz for her own joyless, loveless life?

"I must say good-bye now, Liz," said Lil, at last, when the twilight was slipping into darkness, and the moon had not yet risen. "Good-bye, Liz—Oh, my dear! my dear! good-bye——"

For the last time, Liz and Lil's arms went round each other, and their faces touched. There were tears between them, and one broken heart ; and Louie's voice, piping shrill and high from her dark corner :

"*You* lost Liz 'er young man, Lil! Ain't yer goin' to give 'er nor me noffink 'fore ye go?"

A packet of sugar drops fell before Louie in the dark.

"In my basket, outside, there's custids, an' little white rolls—soft—an' eggs, Liz! Oh! let Louie 'ave 'em!"

"No!" cried Liz, fiercely ; "she shan't touch the things!"

"Sweeties," chuckled Louie—smell, and touch, and instinct having testified to the actuality of the unexpected gift—"Lil, did *you* dwop 'em in my bed?"

"*I* bought *them*, Liz! *My* money! I'd fivepence, honour bright! Oh, Liz! *let* 'er 'ave the other things," sobbed Lil.



"I'd rather she died," whispered back Liz, bitterly, like a ghost in the twilight.

"Good-bye, Lil!" Louie's glistening eyes peered up into Lil's face, bending over hers. Her sticky mouth met Lil's most lovely, piteous lips. "Fank you for ye sweeties, de-ar Lil—Oh! *good-bye!*"

"I didn't mean to lose ye your sweet'eart," Lil whispered to Liz, as she fled away. Lil, that laden basket on her arm, her tear-stained face turned back over her shoulder, was a picture Liz often saw again in dreams.

Louie chuckled over her sweeties long past midnight, for she was very hungry, and sleep came tardily to her at the best of times.

Liz had only her loss to bear her company throughout the long night.

And Lil?

As she sped down the road a man lurched against her. In the uncertain light she knew Jim, and Jim knew her.

Because she was going right out of her hard, old life, to love itself; and because of love is born pity, Lil held out her hand. "We was more than pals, once, Jim, you an' I," she said, with a little, unsteady laugh of pure contrition. "Shake 'ands once, Jim, as pals, 'fore I go!"

The man struck out a blow that if it had reached its aim would have laid Lil dead at his feet. She saw it coming just in time, and his fist grazed her elbow. But her smothered cry, and the sudden blanching of her lips were not for bodily pain.

Jim called after her many things—the chief being that he had another girl who was more to him than Lil had ever been, and that Lil and Redmond might go to hell. He spoke in the language of Redhill Road, so I cannot give you his speech as he delivered it. Lil had fled at the first word of it—a fierce pain at her heart. He would have followed, to further call condemnation on her guilty head, had he not known her fleetness of



foot, and that his new girl was even now waiting for him up the Road.

Lil fled into darkest night.

K. DOUGLAS KING.

THE END.

*Two Years After.*

**L**OBELIA pursues her strange career. It should be said that, through some humorous divagation of her mother's mind, the original Olivia, caught from Shakspeare and Illyria, became Lobbie. Through a process of evolution, inevitable and fateful, this name grew into Lobelia. This flower, touched with one of the blues of the Middle Sea, was only an early development. Her affinities to nature and art grow closer and more diverse. During the two years which have passed since she was first alluded to in these pages she has been several flowers. At this moment she is an anemone: not one of the dew-drenched filmy wildings which hide themselves in woods amid the greenest growth of spring, but one of those rich, strong flowers, with sharply indented leaves jutting rectangularly from the stalk, which come to London from the Riviera in the youth of the year. Their colour, varied and vivid; their chalice shape, so typical of the more triumphant flora; the originality of the curves of the stamens; the unexpected attitude of the leaves giving a certain quaintness; these qualities, so much in sympathy with her, have made her an anemone; it is at least her cognisance.

The heraldry of flowers will again be in request before very long; it may be the eccentric orchid, or it may be the Canterbury bell, with its depths of white shadow, that will emblazon her maiden shield. One thing is certain: the final flower will be the rose. In some year of the twentieth century the craftsmen of the Vatican will carve a rose of gold. On some

Mid-Lent Sunday it will be consecrated by a rose-vestmented Minister ; on some day of summer a Nuncio will present the tremulous splendour of petalled gold to the earlier Lobbie. Thereafter, she shall live a Rose-elect.

Her affinities to the world of birds are characteristic and varied. Frequently from her nursery heights, she twitters like a tree pipit ; often from the hall arise the notes of the little voice chirping recognition to the attendant courtiers. She has studied and copied the sidelong glances of friendly small birds who know they are welcome in gardens enclosed. With pavonine innocence of pride she displays the finest feathers of her newest confection in frocks. The rose white flamingo at the Zoo, with wand-like legs and feet just clear of the ground, flies not more exultingly than she dances to her own measure-giving voice. Thus has she penetrated the thoughts and ways of birds and flowers ; she adopts them, or she mimics them, or she transforms them according to her mood.

In the evenings when she is being undressed, which is another way of saying that a budding water lily is throwing back its sheath, she becomes an infant by Donatello ; but the faint relief of the master's marble has blossomed into the round. In some mysterious way the art of Florence foresaw her through the centuries. In forecasting vision the artists found their cherub model. This probably explains her periods of abstraction. She must be talking to the great spirits who first drew her. How else can be explained her absorption, her obvious happiness, her renunciation of all claim to be noticed by mere moderns ? For the time her friends are nothing to her : some celestial spell is on her ; her Paradise needs no caresses : her conversation is with something invisible to us. At last she returns refreshed to her outer world, to be welcomed as an arrival from some other star—a traveller through regions most mystical—still a baby to be kissed.

BERNARD WHELAN.

*The Life of the Abbe Edgeworth.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

## IN HIDING.

THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH was received at the Castle of La Roche Chouart as Mr. Essex—he bore, in fact, the same name and character that he did in his first hiding-place at Choisi le Roi. He went about openly, and was believed to be an Englishman of small fortune, of quiet disposition, and of eccentric tastes—one of which would certainly have been the fancy for travelling about France at that period. Yet, although this personation, which was, after all, founded on fact, was generally accepted in the neighbourhood, yet the Abbé had scarcely arrived at this refuge before he found himself involved in a very grave peril. It must be acknowledged that he was hardly so cautious about his correspondence as, under the circumstances, he should have been. Although the sensitive, delicate-looking man had nothing about him personally that suggested the rollicking Irishman, yet there was a certain amount of heedlessness about him—a quality which is generally associated with the sons of the sister isle; however, to make up for this, he certainly had a full allowance of their pluck.

The trouble this time arose from a letter which he wrote to the agent of Madame Elizabeth, giving, at full length, his direction, together with the name Essex, in case she had any “ball of silk” to forward to him. He had hardly dropped this letter into the post office before he received the unwelcome tidings that this person

had been arrested a few days previously, for *favouring a clandestine correspondence of one of the Royal prisoners* ; and at the same time he heard that a friend of his had been cited before the *Comité de Salut Public*, and questioned about the letter which had been written to the Archbishop ; and that this person had inadvertently disclosed the name under which the Abbé was at present disguising his identity, and by which he hoped to conceal his existence until the time came when he could, with a clear conscience, escape from France. These two misfortunes coming together would be apparently fatal to him ; for the one letter supplied the missing links of the other, and the two together made a very complete directory of the Abbé's movements, present address, and occupations. The letter written to Madame Elizabeth's agent gave the name of Essex, and the Abbé's present address, and a comparison of the two letters would show the handwriting to be the same ; the anonymous letter was known to be written by the Abbé de Firmont, for to him had been given the charge of the Archdiocese ; the facts, therefore, fitted in completely.

We may imagine the distress of mind in which the unfortunate Abbé was plunged ; he might be bringing danger on his kind hosts as well as on himself, yet he knew not where to go. His distress was most acute, and his prayers for Divine help most fervent. These prayers were heard. In a few days an answer came from Madame Elizabeth's servant : she had only been detained for a few days by the *Comité de Salut Public* the charge against her having been dismissed, and she had returned home just before the Abbé's letter arrived ; and so this dangerous epistle had been delivered to her in the usual manner—had it arrived when she was in prison, it would, of course, have been opened by the Committee. This was the second time that Henry Edgeworth had a really miraculous escape—the first time being the occasion when the Municipal officers had actually in their hands the letter from the King's brother. We may



imagine the relief the Abbé felt, after his acute suspense, when he received this letter from the Princess's agent. However, the Abbé's assumed name leaked out somehow, and after a stay of four months at Montigny, he found himself once more forced to seek a new refuge under, we presume, a new name. The way it came about was this: an article appeared in the public papers—and this article was supposed to be instigated by the *Comité de Salut Public*—relative to an imaginary correspondence between Louis XVI. and the King of Prussia. "The article was insignificant in itself; but the author, in order to obtain more credit for his story, took care to advise the public that he was indebted for the anecdote to Mr. Essex, the last friend of Louis XVI., and, of course, well informed of all that had passed." Montigny was an out-of-the-way little place; still, a few papers found their way down there, and among them the journal that contained this singular perversion of truth.

The statement that Mr. Essex, whom they knew well, and who was supposed to be an English layman travelling for health or pleasure, was the "friend" who had received the last confessions of the King, was a sufficiently startling idea to these people when it was first suggested; but it is difficult to hide a priest, and something in his face betrayed him. "The resemblance of names, and I know not what in my person when nicely viewed that betrayed the clergyman, soon gave rise to other thoughts."

With his habitual *insouciance*, in which the constant presence of danger encouraged him, the Abbé thought but little of the incident at first, imagining that the anecdote would soon be forgotten, pressed out of mind by the fast occurring events of the Reign of Terror. But this did not prove to be the case.

One day a man of noble appearance, and advanced in years, presented himself at the Castle, and asked to speak to Mr. Essex. He was at once shown in, and the other members of the family having withdrawn he addressed the Abbé: "Sir, your existence in this house is no secret for the public, nor has

it hitherto occasioned the least surmise, as you have been supposed to be a man of no importance ; but a paragraph inserted lately in the papers is now the subject of all conversations, and all eyes in this neighbourhood are fixed upon you. Be so good as to read the article, and if in it you behold your own features—oh ! my dear Sir, give leave to a man who was your friend before he had the honour of seeing you, to request of you to provide for your own safety by a timely flight, for here you infallibly will be arrested."

The Abbé thanked his unknown adviser in the warmest terms for his timely warning ; he then consulted with the few friends he had in that part of France, and all agreed in advising him to fly with all speed and seek some new shelter. It was a difficult choice, for all places presented dangers, not only to himself, but to the friends who took him in. He resolved this time to select a place where he had not even an acquaintance, so he made his way to Fontainebleau, about forty miles south of Paris, and hoped to lie hidden in the midst of its great woods : it was then one of the quietest places in France. But though the Abbé knew no one, he was not himself unknown ; a lady who had met him once came to his assistance and helped him in every way in her power : "her credit, her purse, her servants, all was at my disposal."

But there was no rest at this time for the sole of his foot. The Government issued a new edict—namely, that all foreigners should be arrested ; it is not improbable that they took this step because our Abbé had been passing as—what in fact he was—an Englishman. For him, arrest meant death. Probably he had appeared at Fontainebleau as the travelling Briton, and so now it was imperative he should leave at once. He had always kept up communications with his true friend, the Baron de Lezardier, and in this crisis he came to his assistance in a most practical manner. The Baron's home at Choisi le Roi was on the same side of Paris as Fontainebleau, and not so very far

from it. He had among his servants—whose fidelity the Abbé has already commented on—a man of uncouth appearance, but of uncommon resolution and undaunted courage: this valuable domestic he lent to the priest to assist him in his flight, which this time, from his being so near Paris and so much sought after everywhere, was certain not to be accomplished without some dangerous adventures.

The Abbé now determined to make his way to the north coast of France, and there, almost within sight of England (that country which was now—strange reversal of rôles!—the asylum of persecuted Catholics), to wait for the summons which might at any time reach him from the imprisoned Princess, and the mere chance of which, in accordance with a promise he had given her, still kept him lingering in her unhappy country.

So the Abbé and his sturdy companion set out for their long ride to Bayeux in the desolate November of 1794. The country presented an aspect as dreary as the season. Everywhere were smoking chateaux, ruined churches; everywhere poverty, terror, and crime. The nobility gone—killed, in exile, or hunted from place to place; the King murdered; the poor little boy-King being slowly done to death in prison. The prestige of France was kept up solely by her soldiers, who fought bravely on the frontiers; in the interior of the country all was desolation. Armed bands patrolled the roads in every direction, especially in the neighbourhood of Paris. The Baron's servant pioneered his charge with great discretion, and generally managed to avoid them; but, in spite of his circumspection, they fell into the clutches of one troop. These men were commissioned to survey all travellers, and arrest any whom it pleased them to suspect. The only thing to be done in this desperate case was to brazen it out, and this the Abbé's companion did—"his fierce and bold countenance got me off"—and so, without further hindrance, they accomplished their two hundred leagues, and arrived safely at Bayeux.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## WAITING.

THE only place the Abbé Edgeworth could find to shelter himself in at Bayeux was a poor hut, "where I lay unnoticed ; nobody suspecting that a man of my importance could be lodged in so dismal a place."

He could, at least, regale his eyes with the sight of the blue waters, on the other side of which lay England and freedom, and he expressly tells us he had it in his power to get across at any moment, for the coasts were but poorly watched. But his promise kept him on the southern side of the water. "Madame Elizabeth was still alive, and if she came to danger, I was resolved to keep my word, and to be her friend to the last, let the consequences be what they would for myself." The priest meant to give her, as he had given her brother, the consolation and happiness of the last offices of religion—and for this purpose he was prepared, at any moment, to return to Paris.

He lingered for this one object in this dismal place for eighteen months, always within sight of the sea, which would have carried him at once into so different an atmosphere. He had far more friends now on the other side than on this : the South of England was crowded with emigrants, belonging chiefly to the upper classes, many to the nobility. Among them were a large number of priests. What strange tales that strip of sea could tell, had it an articulate voice ! For a couple of hundred years scores of priests had fled across the Channel into France, driven out of England by the Penal Laws ; now those laws had just been repealed in time to allow the unfortunate French priests to escape from the fury of the Communists and to throw themselves on the kindness of the English. And most hospitable they found their Northern neighbours, whose best instincts were aroused by this appeal, and whose goodness to the refugees



reflected honour on themselves as a nation and on their great statesman, Mr. Pitt. Perhaps this large influx of Catholics—men and women of all ranks and conditions—brought with it a blessing for their hosts ; for from that time a Catholic revival in England commenced, slowly for the first half-century, more rapidly since. Intercourse with these fugitives, many of whom were highly cultivated people with charming manners, must have done much to break down prejudice and to soften bigotry ; and the personal holiness of many of the Catholics, both priests and laity, astonished and impressed those who witnessed it. Among the priests who certainly helped to effect this change of ideas, and who did very much (though, perhaps, unwittingly) to foster the spiritual life among Anglicans was a certain Père Grou, a fellow-worker in Paris of our Abbé Edgeworth, and a pupil, as he was, of the Jesuits. He had crossed over to England in 1792, and had taken refuge with Mr. Weld, at Lulworth, where he wrote his beautiful little book, “The Hidden Life of the Soul,” which has helped so many in the spiritual life. Could the Abbé have crossed that narrow strip of water, he would have found himself at once in the genial society of his old friend ; but he remained in his miserable hut, feeling himself bound to redeem his promise at all hazards, should the summons come. The most pitiful part of the affair was that this waiting must of necessity be utterly in vain ; for while the Abbé was possessing his soul in patience at Bayeux, the Royal lady, whose last hour he wished to console, was already dead. The affair was conducted with great secrecy, and few even of her fellow-sufferers knew that Elizabeth of France was with them in the tumbril. This Princess was only thirty years of age when her fellow-countrymen decided she was not worthy to live. She was very accomplished, and took special delight in studies not usually appreciated by her sex—mathematics and history—and from her earliest years she had devoted herself to charitable works, especially those to benefit young girls. In every age there have been



some among the Royal ladies of France who have been remarkable for piety and unselfishness, and the character of Madame Elizabeth shines brightly among these stars.

The Abbé was joined before long by the Baron de Lezardier, who, after being hunted from town to town, at last managed to reach the Northern coast. His three daughters and his youngest son were with him ; how they were all accommodated in "this hole" the Abbé does not say ; but there they remained for over a year, and seem, on the whole, to have been fairly in comfort except for their many and keen anxieties. The Baron's castle had been burnt to the ground, his lands had been seized, and most of his friends had been guillotined, so there were none to help him when his ready money was exhausted—except the Abbé, who, to his great gratification, was now able to return the kindness he had formerly received from the Baron. The priest asked for no supplies, but he received help from all sides, from his numerous friends, some of whom had escaped into other countries ; while a few, even in France, were still wealthy. Then his own income was sent to him by his brother in Dublin, and so he was able to maintain the whole family, not in luxury, but supplied with everything necessary.

But in those evil days one sorrow succeeded another, for the proscribed classes, and the priest, and the noble had still a plentitude of tears to drink. News was brought to the Baron of the death of two of his sons, a third had previously been murdered in one of the Paris prisons, the fourth was at this time being tried for his life : only the youngest was left to him. These were most promising and charming young men, and the father's grief may be imagined.

Not long after he heard that his four sisters were shot while flying through the fields to escape some of these ruffians.

The Abbé was not to escape suffering—besides that which his sympathy with his friend caused him : his turn came now. The terrible tidings reached him that his mother and sister were

arrested, and, to make his grief more acute, he learnt that this arrest was made partly on his account. The Terrorists believed he had escaped their clutches, and got safely to England ; and in their anger at being balked of this prey they had pursued so long, they turned on his helpless mother and sister. They had not even the humanity to put the aged woman and her daughter in the same prison. Betty was torn from the mother she had tended and watched over for so many years, and was sent to another jail.

Did the days of her happy childhood come back to the lonely old lady as she lay uncared-for in this terrible place ? Or the earnest prayers of her girlhood, which had seemed to presage a life of no ordinary trials ?

Did we but see,  
When life first opened, how our journey lay  
Between its earliest and its closing day :  
Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be  
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break  
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear Lord !  
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,  
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,  
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word ;  
Wiling me year by year, till I am found  
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

But life's closing day was soon to dawn for this poor pilgrim. The grief and terror of her arrest and imprisonment and the parting from her daughter soon overpowered the faint flicker of her life, and she died in the prison, without a single soul that loved her near her to receive her last sigh, among strangers and, even worse, jailers, without the last consolations of the religion for which she had sacrificed so much, utterly alone, at least to all outward seeming ; but she may still have had consolations of which we cannot dream—and, perhaps, the name of the brave, patient woman may be found enrolled among those of the hidden Saints of God.

Miss Edgeworth was dragged from prison to prison ; but, at last, after thirteen months of this life, there being no evidence against her, she was released. Robespierre was dead by this time, which, perhaps, accounted for her escape.

Then came the final blow, which struck the Abbé to the heart even as much as the loss of his dear mother : he heard of the death of Madame Elizabeth, "the glory of religion and the idol of France." The Abbé says :

I was in France merely on her account, and resolved to fly to her assistance any day or hour she called upon me, let the consequences be ever so bitter for myself ; but she was no more, when I first heard of her being taken from the Temple. Only sixteen hours elapsed between her being brought to justice and her death ; and my only consolation ever since is to think that, had I been in Paris, I could not have been of any service to her, as nobody even suspected that day that she was in the fatal cart. Be that as it will, no sooner had I been informed of her death, than I resolved to leave France. It was now a duty to fly, as it was one to remain as long as she was in life ; for, a few days before her arrest she had entrusted me with her last will (by word of mouth), and requested I would execute it in person any day that I heard of her death.

The fugitive Royal Family of France were at this time in Scotland, Monsieur being now Louis XVIII.; for the unfortunate little Louis XVII. had died on the 8th of June, 1795, starved and ill-treated to death by the wretched cobbler, Simon. As soon as he could manage it, the Abbé Edgeworth bade a last farewell to France, got across the Channel safely, and after a short stay in London, made his way to Edinburgh, in September, 1796.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE last ten years of the Abbé Edgeworth's life were passed at the Court of the exiled King of France, Louis XVIII. Many tempting offers were made to induce him to remain in his own

land—he was offered a Bishopric, and also the Presidency of Maynooth College; but he preferred to remain with the family to whom, in their misfortunes, he had so strongly attached himself. He hastened to Scotland, to give the last words and wishes of Louis XVI. to his brother; he was also charged with the will of “his tender sister, Elizabeth.” All her family were devoted to this lady, and might well say, as Pope Pius VII. did in 1804, on seeing some relics of her which her cousin, Madame de Condé, had collected in the Temple, and placed in the Louvre: “*Sancta Elizabeth.*”

Louis XVIII., after a time, left Scotland, and made his way to Blankenburg, a small town in Brunswick, where he invited M. de Firmont to join him. The Abbé left his own land for the second, and last, time, and joined the Royal Family in Germany. His description of Blankenburg is not a very flattering one: “Near as deep a solitude as La Trappe,” he says of it. No doubt, one object which attracted him to the Court of Louis XVIII. was the presence there of the sole survivor of the Royal captives of the Temple, the young Marie Thérèse, Madame Royale of France, who had been liberated in the summer of 1796; this child was frequently called *l'Antigone française*, and, more generally, *l'orpheline du Temple*.

The faithful friend of her father, Jean Baptiste Cléry, was also here, to bestow on his young mistress the cares he was not allowed to give her unhappy little brother in the prison. On the anniversary of the King's death, on January 21st, 1797, Louis XVIII. had a *Requiem* Mass said by the Abbé de Firmont, at which Cléry served, and which must have recalled vividly to both the last Mass in the Temple.

However, the exiles could not remain long at Blankenburg, the French armies were drawing too close, and they moved on to Mittau. Here, on the 10th of July, 1799, Madame Royale was married to her cousin, the young Duke d'Angoulême, to the great joy of the exiles. But their happiness did not last long; there was



no rest for them, and they found that they must leave Mittau. Where to go was the question, so many places would not receive them. They were repulsed by Russia ; Augsburg, and many other towns, fearing the vengeance of France, had issued decrees not permitting *émigrés* to remain in them more than twenty-four hours. Finally, they sought refuge at Warsaw ; and here they were only received on condition that they adopted fictitious names, and that the King sent away most of his suite. He was obliged to comply ; he took the name of the Comte de Lille, and, with his family and their faithful friend, the Abbé Edgeworth, whom they often called their good Angel, they took up their abode in the Polish capital, the "land of ice," as the Abbé plaintively calls it.

Here another of the Royal Family of France soon found herself ; not, indeed, as one of their circle, for this Madame Louise of Bourbon, Princess of Condé, had been a Trappist, and was about to become a Benedictine Nun, and lived in the strictest retirement. She made one exception, however, both in Warsaw and before that in Vienna, and this was in favour of the young orphan of the Temple, who had been sent to Vienna to her mother's family when she was first set at liberty, being exchanged for some Republican officers. Madame de Condé describes her as being beautiful, fresh, very like her mother, but more serious, and of a very devout spirit. She often went to see her cousin, and used to speak freely of all her sorrows to her ; and these conversations, no doubt, encouraged the idea Madame de Condé already entertained, of turning this terrible Prison du Temple into a Convent of holy women, whose lives would be spent in offering atonement and expiation to God in this place where His Majesty had been so often foully outraged. This wish seemed, at that time, but an idle vision—yet it was realised. Her sentiments are conveyed in a sentence of her own :

" Il n'y a qu'un péché, mon Dieu, c'est de ne vous pas aimer ;  
. . . qu'une réparation à ce péché, c'est de vous aimer."



It may be imagined how much sympathy would exist between the Abbé Edgeworth and this saintly woman, who had also been a dear friend of Madame Elizabeth. Even the Autocrat of All the Russias showed much kindness to this Nun, his cousin ; he wished to retain her and the Trappist Community in his dominions, where they had been settled for a couple of years. Madame de Condé, however, did not find the Cistercian rule quite what best suited her devotion (she was as yet only a novice), and by the advice of her directors she came to Warsaw, where she desired admittance into the Order of St. Benedict. All the Court, including our Abbé, were present at this ceremony in September, 1801.

The Abbé Edgeworth met with a most gracious reception from this Emperor, Paul I., who presented him with the collar of the Order du Saint Esprit ; by order of Louis XVIII. he wore this decoration on grand occasions. After all this graciousness to the exiles, Paul I. was seized with an overpowering admiration for Napoleon ; he exiled the Trappists and other Catholic Communities, and decreed that the emigrants should no longer remain in his dominions. Shortly after this the unfortunate man was assassinated, and was succeeded by his son, Alexander, who continued to show great kindness to Madame de Condé, making her an annual allowance of two thousand roubles. For the exiles were in great straits at this time. Louis XVIII. was subsisting on money raised on the diamonds of the "orphan of the Temple." The funds of the Prince of Condé (father of the Benedictine novice) were reduced to sixty louis. Abbé Edgeworth fared no better than his Princes : he lost all his money—apparently about £4,000—and would have been reduced to actual want but that his constant friend, the Bishop of Cork, helped him. Mr. Pitt also came to the rescue. He had offered the Abbé a pension some time before, when he first arrived in England in 1796 : but the Abbé had declined to take any payment for doing his duty as a priest and a subject ; now, however, the offer was renewed, and, for the sake of his present King, accepted gratefully.

The next ceremony at which the Abbé assisted was the profession of the Princess de Condé on the 21st of September, 1802, at which all the Royal Family of France were present. Even the somewhat sceptical King was moved by the way in which she pronounced her vows to follow the rule of St. Benedict, especially devoting herself to the perpetual adoration of the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar; and he wrote a letter to her father, in which he speaks of the "simple, noble, and touching manner" in which she said the words which took her from them for ever.

A great trial was awaiting the Princess, now Sister Mary Joseph, and in this trial the services of the Abbé Edgeworth, the consoling Angel of the family, were once more called for. We allude to the cruel death of her nephew, who had been to her almost as a son, the Duke d'Enghien, the hope of the House of Condé. Louis XVIII. had refused to give up to Napoleon his right to the crown of France; the young Duke had given his adhesion to this decision, and being close to the frontier of France at the time, had been arrested and shot by order of Bonaparte, on the night of the 20th of March, 1804, in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes.

The news of this cowardly assassination caused the greatest consternation in the Royal circle at Warsaw, and in their anxiety to break the blow to the aunt, who had been almost a mother to the young man, they turned for help to the "consoling Angel of the family, the Abbé Henri Edgeworth de Firmont."\*

The Abbé undertook this melancholy mission, and presenting himself at the Convent he asked to see Mother Sainte Rose, the faithful companion and friend of Sister Mary Joseph, and confided the news to her. Between them they imparted it to the aunt of the murdered Duke. Mother Sainte Rose spoke of the arrest, and then by a sudden inspiration took a crucifix and placed it in the hands of the Sister. No doubt the faces of the

\* "Vie de la Princesse Louise de Bourbon."

Abbé and the Nun told the rest. The Princess understood them.

"Mercy, my God; have mercy upon him!" she cried, falling on her knees, her face hidden.

Doubtless the Abbé told her the circumstances of the young Duke's death. He died as bravely as he had lived. When taken to the moat in the middle of the night, he wished for the consolations of the Church, and asked that he might have the services of a priest, "that he might die, as he had lived, a Christian." "Bah! they are all in bed now," was all the answer he got. Then the Duke bent his head and prayed earnestly, making the sign of the Cross, as he bowed his knee for a moment, then of his own accord he faced the squad who were to kill him.

"Now, my friends!" he cried.

"Thou hast no friends here," replied the same mocking voice, followed a moment later by the sound of the firing. This terrible recital had one consoling point, one so great as to be *all*: her dear boy had died as a Christian. She dragged her trembling limbs into the chapel, saying to them: "The Prince was all the glory and all the happiness of my life." Before the altar she prayed earnestly for the soul of Louis Antoine; and she added a prayer which showed her to be a truly great woman—she prayed for his murderer. She mentions this in a letter to another victim of Napoleon. "He became my enemy by killing my nephew, and God gave me grace from that moment to name him every day in my prayers. I dare, therefore, ask you also for a Mass for this unhappy man."

So the Abbé acted his *rôle* of consoler to these unfortunate people who had so much to suffer; and this habit of his—of comforting the desolate—brought him his great reward, his death in an act of charity in 1807. The Royal Family were once more at Mittau, when the war of France with Russia brought a number of wounded French prisoners to the town.

They were his countrymen, in spite of all that had passed, and the King had as many brought to his villa as he could accommodate ; the Queen, the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the ladies of the Court made lint, and in every way attended to the comforts of the wounded men, while the Abbé was unremitting in his devotion to them, encouraging the feeble and consoling the dying. And they died by scores ; for they had brought jail fever with them from Russia, and the epidemic breaking out violently, carried off the poor fellows, weak already from their wounds. In spite of the King's kindness, and all the efforts of the Royal ladies, they died off like sheep, and the Abbé's ministrations were the more required. With fervent charity he administered the last consolations of religion to them, touching many hardened hearts, and hearing words of penitence from lips long unused to them, until at last his own turn came. He caught the fever : for the danger of it only made him more fervent, and he would not quit the bedsides of the dying soldiers, many of whom died well. When the Abbé took the contagion it was quickly fatal. Always delicate, he had never spared himself, and his life had not been an easy one. He had no strength to fight against the fever, and in a few days all was over. He died on the 22nd of May, 1807, at the age of sixty-two. The grief of the King and his family was very real : they were all present at the funeral Mass, and the Duchess of Angoulême wept at the obsequies of the friend who had received her father's last sigh, while her husband followed the coffin to the grave on foot. They all wore mourning for him, and the King himself wrote his epitaph—couched in the rather grandiose language of the day.

M. l'Abbé de Bouvens preached his funeral sermon in the French Chapel in London, near Portman Square, on the 29th of July, 1807 ; and seven years later this panegyric was given in Paris, where the Abbé Edgeworth had laboured so long and had striven so hard to perform the duties of Archbishop. This



priest, with the work for souls which he did at one of the most dangerous and critical times in the history of the Church, was one of the results of that vision seen so many years before by a man who did not avail himself of so great a grace, but yet, apparently, was the vehicle by which it was transmitted to others. And so, after having been driven from one country to another from his fourth year, and even hunted from town to town as one not fitted to remain on the face of the earth, Henry Essex Edgeworth rested in peace at last. The sky at this stormy time of the French Revolution seems to grow clearer round his head.

M. E. JAMES.

THE END.



## *The Death of the Blessed Virgin.*

*(From the Meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich.)*

ON THE AGE OF MARY. — SHE GOES WITH ST. JOHN TO  
EPHESUS.—DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

ON August 13th the Sister said: I have had during this night a vision relative to the death of the Blessed Virgin; but I have almost forgotten it all. When she was asked: What would be, then, the age of the Blessed Virgin? she turned her look on one side and said, She has arrived at the age of sixty-four, less twenty-three days. I have seen six times near me the letter X, then I, then V. Does not that make sixty-four?\*

After the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, Mary lived three years on Sion, three years at Bethany, and nine years at Ephesus, to which place John had conducted her shortly after the Jews had exposed Lazarus and his sisters on the sea.†

Mary did not live exactly at Ephesus, but in the environs, where were settled already many women who were her friends.

\* It is worthy of remark that a number was never represented to her in the ordinary Arabic figures, with which alone she was familiar, but that in all her visions relating to the Roman Church she saw only Roman figures.

† In July, 1822, on the occasion of the Apostle St. James, who, in departing for Spain, had paid a visit to Mary in Ephesus, she said that St. John conducted Mary to this city—it was at the beginning of the fourth year after the Ascension, as well as she could remember. On August 13th, 1822, she said it was in the sixth year. Differences of this kind are often found when she saw the figures IV. and VI., which she frequently confused. It is for the reader to judge what could be the cause of these changes.

Her dwelling was situated three leagues-and-a-half from Ephesus, on a mountain which was seen to the left in coming from Jerusalem, and which rapidly descended towards Ephesus—coming from the south-east the city was seen as if altogether at the foot of a mountain, but it is seen to extend all round as you continue to advance. Near Ephesus there are grand avenues of trees, under which the yellow fruits are lying on the ground. A little to the south narrow paths lead to an eminence covered with wild plants. There is seen an undulating plain covered with vegetation, which has a circuit of half-a-league ; it is there that this settlement was made. It is a solitary country, with many small, agreeable, and fertile elevations, and some grottoes hollowed in the rock, in the midst of little sandy places. The country is rough without being barren ; there are here and there a number of trees of pyramidal form, with smooth trunks, whose branches overshadow a large space.

When St. John conducted to this spot the Blessed Virgin, for whom he had already erected a house, some Christian families and many holy women were already residing in this country. They were living, some under tents, others in caves, which they had rendered habitable by the aid of carpentry and woodwork. They had come here before the persecution had burst forth with full force. As they took advantage of the caves which they found there, and of the facilities which the nature of the places offered, their dwellings were real hermitages, often separated a quarter of a league from each other ; and this kind of colony presented the appearance of a village with its houses scattered at a considerable distance from each other. Mary's house stood by itself and was constructed of stone. At some distance behind the house the land rises and proceeds across the rocks to the highest point of the mountain, from the top of which, over the small elevations and trees, the city of Ephesus is visible, with its numerous islands. The place is nearer the sea than

Ephesus itself, which lies at some distance. The country is solitary and little frequented. In the neighbourhood was a castle, occupied, if I mistake not, by a deposed king. St. John visited him frequently, and converted him. This place became, later on, a bishopric. Between this dwelling of the Blessed Virgin and Ephesus a river flowed, winding in and out with innumerable turnings.

#### THE HOUSE OF MARY AT EPHEBUS.

THE house of Mary was square, the hinder part terminated with a circle or an angle ; the windows were placed very high ; the roof was flat. It was divided into two parts by the fireplace, which stood in the middle ; the fire was lighted opposite the door in a hollow in the wall, terminating on both sides by a kind of staircase which rose as high as the top of the house. In the middle of this wall, beginning at the fireplace, and as far as the roof, ran an excavation, like the half funnel of a chimney, where the smoke rose up and escaped at length through an opening made in the roof. Above this opening I observed an oblique funnel of brass, which extended above the roof. The front part of the house was separated from the part behind the fireplace by light partitions of wicker-work. In this part, in which the walls were of considerable thickness, and slightly soiled by the smoke, I saw on both sides small cells, constructed by partitions of interwoven branches. When it was desired to make a large hall, these partitions, which were rather low, were removed and put on one side. It was in these cells just mentioned that Mary's servant slept, as also other women who came to visit her.

Right and left of the fireplace small doors led to the hinder part of the house, which was badly lighted, ending in a circle or an angle, nevertheless, arranged in an orderly and agreeable manner ; all the walls were covered with woodwork, forming at

the top an arch. The beams overhead, fastened together by joists and covered with foliage, had a very simple and pleasing appearance.

The end of this place, separated from the rest by a curtain, formed the bedroom of Mary. There was in the middle of the wall a species of tabernacle which could be made to turn round by means of a cord, as it was required to open or shut it. There was there a cross nearly the length of an arm, in the form of a Y as I have always seen the Cross of our Saviour Jesus Christ. It had no particular ornaments, but was slightly carved out, as crosses which at the present day come from the Holy Land. I believe that St. John and Mary had arranged it themselves. It was formed of different kinds of wood. It was told me that the trunk, of a whiteish colour, was of cypress; one of the arms, of a brown colour, of cedar; the other arm, nearly yellow, was of palm; lastly, the extremity, with the tablet, of olive wood, yellow and polished. The cross was supported by a prop of earth or stone, the same as the Cross of Jesus on the rock of Calvary. At the foot was placed a piece of parchment on which something was written. It was, I believe, some words of Our Lord traced simply in lines of a dark colour easy to make out. I had also a knowledge of Mary's meditations, on the different pieces of wood on which it was made. Unfortunately, I have forgotten these beautiful explanations. I know not now if the Cross of Christ was really made of these different kinds of wood, or if this cross of Mary had been so made to furnish matter for meditation. It was placed between two vases, filled with natural flowers.

I saw also a linen cloth near the cross, and I had the impression that it was the same with which the Blessed Virgin, after the descent from the Cross, had wiped up the blood which covered the sacred body of Our Saviour. I had this impression because, at the sight of this cloth, that act of holy maternal love was presented before my eyes. I felt at the same time that it



was like the cloth with which the priests purify the chalice, when they have drunk the blood of the Redeemer in the Holy Sacrifice. Mary wiping the wounds of her Son seemed to me to do something like this ; and, in fine, in this case she took and folded in the same manner the cloth she made use of. I had the same impression in seeing this cloth lie near the cross.

To the right of this oratory was the small chamber in which the Blessed Virgin slept, and opposite this, to the left of the oratory, another small chamber where her clothes and other effects were placed. From one to the other of these little rooms was stretched a curtain, which concealed the oratory placed between them ; it was in front of this curtain that Mary was accustomed to sit when she was reading or working.

The little room of the Blessed Virgin was supported behind by a wall covered with a rug—the side walls were of light wicker-work, which appeared like mosaic work. In the middle of the front partition, which was covered with tapestry, was a light door with two leaves which opened inwardly. The ceiling of this little room was also of wicker-work, which formed an arch, from the centre of which was suspended a lamp with several branches. Mary's bed was a kind of hollow box, a foot and-a-half high, and of the length and breadth of an ordinary bed of small dimensions—the sides were covered with tapestry which descended to the ground and was bordered with fringe and tassels—a round cushion served for a pillow, and a brown square rug for its covering. The small house was near to a wood, and surrounded with trees of pyramidal shape. It was a solitary and tranquil spot. The dwellings of other families were at a little distance—they were dispersed here and there, and formed a kind of village.

MARY'S MANNER OF LIVING.—ST. JOHN GIVES HER THE  
HOLY EUCHARIST.—THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN lived alone with a younger person who



served her, and who went to fetch the few articles of food which she required—they lived in silence and profound peace; there were no men in the house; often a disciple on his travels came to visit them.

I saw frequently a man, who I always thought was St. John, come in and go out—but neither at Jerusalem nor here did he remain long in the neighbourhood. He came backwards and forwards. He was clothed otherwise than during the life of Jesus. He wore a robe of long folds and light stuff of a greyish white. He was very slender and active, with a handsome figure, tall and thin. His head was bare, and his long white hair parted behind the ears. In comparison with the other Apostles he appeared rather feminine and maidenly.

I saw Mary in the latter part of her life always more silent and recollected. She scarcely took any nourishment—it seemed as if her body alone remained on the earth, and that her spirit was habitually elsewhere. In the weeks which preceded her end, I saw her feeble and aged—her servant sustained her and led her about the house.

St. John came once into the house. He also appeared very old. He was slender and thin. On coming in he had fastened to his girdle his long white robe of large folds. He took off this girdle and put on another which he had under his vestment, on which some letters were traced. He had a stole round his neck and a sort of maniple on his arm. The Blessed Virgin, leaning on the arm of her servant and enveloped in a white dress, came out of her chamber. Her countenance was white as snow, and, so to say, transparent. She seemed as if raised from the earth by an ardent desire since the Ascension of Jesus; her whole being expressed a desire always increasing, and which consumed her more and more. John and she retired into the oratory. She pulled a cord or strap, the tabernacle which was within the wall revolved, and the cross which was there appeared. When they had prayed on their knees for some time,

John arose, drew from his breast a metal box, which opened at the side, and took from it a covering of fine wool without colour, in which was a white linen cloth folded, and from which he drew forth the Blessed Sacrament, in the form of a white square particle. He then pronounced some words in a solemn and grave tone, and gave the Eucharist to the Holy Virgin. He did not give her the chalice.

At some distance behind the house, on the road which led to the top of the mountain, the Holy Virgin had arranged a sort of Way of the Cross. Whilst she dwelt at Jerusalem she had never ceased, since the death of her Son, to follow His dolorous way, and to water with her tears the places where He had suffered. She had measured step by step all the intervening spaces; and her love could not omit the continual contemplation of this way of sorrow.

Soon after her arrival here I saw her daily devote herself to these meditations on the Passion, by following the way which led to the top of the mountain. At first she had gone alone, and she had measured according to the number of steps, which she had so often counted, the distance between the different places, where each incident of the Passion of Our Saviour had occurred. At each of these spots she had erected a stone; or if instead there was a tree, she made a mark upon it. The road led into a wood, where a small hillock represented Calvary, and a small grotto in another hillock the Holy Sepulchre.

When she had divided into twelve Stations this Way of the Cross, she followed it with her servant, plunged in silent contemplation. They seated themselves at each of these spots, which recalled an event of the Passion, meditating in their hearts the mysterious signification—thanking the Lord for His love, and shedding tears of compassion. Later on she arranged the Stations better. I saw her write, with a pointed instrument, on each of the stones, an indication of the place which it represented, the number of paces, and other similiar things. I saw her after-

wards clean the grotto of the Holy Sepulchre, and so arrange it conveniently for prayer.

I did not see at these Stations an image, nor even the Cross, permanently fixed—they were simple commemorative stones with inscriptions—but after a time, all this had been better ordered and arranged. Even after the death of the Blessed Virgin, I saw the Way of the Cross frequented by Christians, who there prostrated themselves and kissed the ground.

JOURNEY OF MARY FROM EPHESUS TO JERUSALEM.—HER ILLNESS IN JERUSALEM.—REPORT OF THE DEATH AND ORIGIN OF THE TOMB OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT JERUSALEM.

AFTER the third year of her sojourn here Mary had a great desire to go to Jerusalem. John and Peter conducted her thither. I believe that many of the Apostles were there assembled. I saw St. Thomas there. I believe there was a Council there ; that Mary assisted at it, and that they took her advice.\* On their arrival I saw them in the evening, by the twilight, and before entering into the city, visit the Mount of Olives, Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and all the Holy Places round Jerusalem. The Mother of God was so afflicted and affected that she could scarcely stand : John and Peter conducted her and supported her under the arms.

She again quitted Ephesus a year-and-a-half before her death. There also I saw her visit the Holy Places at night in company of the Apostles. She was overwhelmed with inexpressible grief, and repeated continually, sighing, Oh my Son ! my Son ! When she arrived at the door behind the place where she had seen Jesus fall under the weight of His Cross, the impression of this sad remembrance caused her to fall down insensible, and her companions thought she was about to expire : they

\* As she had already before said that Mary went twice to Jerusalem, it is possible that she may have confused the first and second journey in what relates to this Council.

carried her to the cenacle, where she lived in the front buildings. For many days she continued so feeble and ill, and had such frequent faintings, that they expected every moment to see her die—and they had the intention of preparing her tomb. She herself chose for this purpose a grotto on the Mount of Olives, and the Apostles caused a beautiful tomb to be prepared there by a Christian workman.\* However, it had been said many times that she was dead. The rumour of her death and of her burial at Jerusalem was spread to other places; but when the tomb was finished, she recovered, and considered herself sufficiently strong to return to her house at Ephesus, where she actually died at the end of a year-and-a-half. The tomb prepared for her on the Mount of Olives was honoured, a church was subsequently erected there, and John Damascene (that is the name which I have heard in spirit, though I know not who he is) wrote after oral traditions that she had died, and had been buried, at Jerusalem.

God has allowed everything connected with her death, burial, and assumption into Heaven to become the object of only uncertain tradition, so as not to give entrance into Christianity of the pagan sentiments so powerful at this period—for people would then have been easily led to adore Mary as a goddess.

EPHESUS.—THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE HOLY FAMILY LIVE IN A CHRISTIAN COLONY.

AMONG the holy women who lived in the Christian colony in the neighbourhood of Ephesus, and who were often near Mary, was a niece of the prophetess Anne. Before the baptism of Jesus I saw her go once to Nazareth with Seraphia (Veronica). This woman was allied to the Holy Family by Anne, who was a relative of the mother of Mary, and a nearer relative still of Elizabeth—the daughter of a sister of the latter.

\* We remember to have heard her say on another occasion that St. Andrew also worked at this tomb.



Another woman of those who lived near Mary, and whom I saw go to Nazareth, before the baptism of Jesus, was the niece of Elizabeth, of the name of Mara. This is how she was related to the Holy Family. Ismeria, the mother of St. Anne, had a sister named Emerentia, who had three daughters—Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist ; Enoue, who was with St. Anne at the birth of the Blessed Virgin ; and Rhoda, the mother of this Mara of whom we have been speaking. Rhoda was married at a distance from the country of her family ; she lived first in the neighbourhood of Sichem, afterwards at Nazareth and at Kessuloth, near Mount Tabor. Besides Mara, she had two other daughters, of whom one had children, disciples of Jesus. One of the two sons of Rhoda was the first husband of Maroni, who, becoming a widow, and without children, married Eliud, nephew of the mother of St. Anne, and established herself at Nain, where she became a second time a widow. She had by this Eliud a son, whom the Saviour raised to life. He became a disciple of Jesus, and was baptised under the name of Martial.

Mara, the daughter of Rhoda, who was present at the death of Mary, was married in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. Nathaniel, the bridegroom of Cana, was, I believe, a son of this Mara, and he had received baptism under the name of Amator. She had also other sons—all were disciples of Jesus.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN VISITS FOR THE LAST TIME THE WAY  
OF THE CROSS MARKED OUT BY HER.

THE 7th of August, 1821.—Yesterday and last night I was much occupied with the Mother of God at Ephesus. I made the Way of the Cross with her and five other women. There were there the niece of the prophetess Ann, and the widow Mara, niece of Elizabeth. The Blessed Virgin went before the others : she was aged and feeble. She was very white, as if transparent ; her appearance was singularly touching. It seemed to me that she



was making the Way of the Cross for the last time. Whilst she was there I seemed to see Peter, John, and Thaddeus in her house.

I saw the Blessed Virgin very much enfeebled with age. Notwithstanding, she had no other symptom of age than the expression of desire which consumed her, and which raised her to a sort of transfiguration: she had an air of ineffable gravity. I never saw her laugh, but only smile with a touching expression. The more she advanced in age, the more her countenance appeared white and transparent. She was thin, but I did not observe any wrinkles nor any signs of infirmity. She had become like a pure spirit.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN ON HER DEATH-BED.—ADIEUX OF  
THE WOMEN.

THE 9th of August, 1821.—I went into the house of Mary about two leagues from Ephesus. I saw her in her cell, which was all covered with white, stretched upon her low and narrow bed; her head rested on a round cushion. She was feeble, pale, and consumed with an ardent desire; her head and body were draped in a long sheet or cloth; a coverlet of brown wool was spread over it.

I saw five women enter into her cell, and come in and go, out again one after the other, as if bidding her farewell. Those who came out used touching gestures, which expressed their grief. I remarked among them the niece of the prophetess Ann, and Mara, the niece of Elizabeth, whom I had observed on the Way of the Cross.

I saw afterwards six Apostles assembled there—they were Peter, Andrew, John, Thaddeus, Bartholomew, and Matthias. There was also Nicanor, one of the seven deacons, who was very active and useful. I saw the Apostles to the right of the front portion of the house; they had arranged an oratory there, and were praying.

ARRIVAL OF TWO OTHER APOSTLES.—THE ALTAR.—BOX IN FORM OF A CROSS FOR CONSECRATED OBJECTS.

THE 10th of August, 1821.—The time of the year when the Church celebrates the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is probably that on which it really took place, only the anniversary does not fall on the same day every year.

I saw to-day two other Apostles arrive with their garments tucked up like travellers. They were James the Less and Matthew, his half-brother; for Alpheus, having become a widower, had married Mary, the daughter of Cleophas. He had had Matthew by a former marriage.

I saw yesterday and to-day the Apostles assembled together and celebrating the Divine office in the front part of the house, where they had on this occasion taken away or otherwise, arranged the movable partitions which formed the cells. A table with a red covering, and a white one spread over it, served for an altar. Every time that they made use of it for a sacred ceremonial they placed it against the wall, on the right of the fireplace, which was used every day, and they afterwards removed it. In front of the altar was a covered trestle on which was placed a written scroll. On the altar there was a vessel, in the shape of a cross, made of a shining material like mother-o'-pearl. It was nearly a hand's breadth in length and width, and contained five closed bottles with silver tops. In the centre one was placed the Blessed Sacrament; in the others chrism, oil, salt, and pieces of thread, or more probably of wool, with other sacred objects—they were so well fastened, that nothing could run out.

The Apostles in their travels carried this cross suspended on the breast under their vestments. They had in this something greater than had the high priest of the Jews, when he carried on his breast the holy object of the Old Covenant.

I do not well remember if they had relics in one of these

boxes or elsewhere. I only know that in offering the Sacrifice of the New Covenant they always had with them bones of the Prophets, and later on of the Martyrs; the same as the patriarchs, when they offered sacrifice, placed always upon the altar the bones of Adam or of those of their ancestors who had been depositaries of the promises. Jesus Christ at the Last Supper had commanded them to do so. Peter, in his sacerdotal vestments, was standing before the altar; the others were ranged behind him. The women remained at the end of the room.

ARRIVAL OF SIMON.—PETER GIVES THE HOLY COMMUNION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—THE STATE OF JERUSALEM AT THIS TIME.

THE 11th of August, 1821.—I saw to-day the arrival of another Apostle. It was Simon. James the Greater, Philip, and Thomas were still waiting. I saw also several disciples, amongst whom I recognised only John, Mark, and the son or the grandson of the aged Simeon, who was charged with the inspection of the victims for the Temple, and who immolated the last paschal lamb for Jesus. There were about a dozen.

They had another Divine service at the altar, and I saw some of the new-comers with their vestments fastened up, which made me think that they were desirous of going away again at once. Before the bed of the Blessed Virgin was a small triangular stool, like that on which the presents of the three Kings were laid, in the grotto of the crib. There was upon this a cup, with a small transparent brown spoon. To-day I only saw one woman in the chamber of Mary. I saw Peter, after the Divine service, again give her the Holy Communion. He carried the Blessed Sacrament in that cross-shaped pyx which I have before mentioned. The Apostles were ranged in two rows from the altar to her bed, and they bowed down profoundly when Peter passed before them with the Holy Sacrament. The partitions

which surrounded the couch of the Blessed Virgin were open on all sides.

When I had seen this near Ephesus, I had a desire to see what was going on at Jerusalem at this time ; but the length of the journey, which it was necessary to make for this purpose, dismayed me. Then the Blessed Virgin and the Martyr Susannah, whose festival is to-day, of whom I have a relic, and who has been near me all the night, came to me and encouraged me, telling me that she would go with me. I crossed land and sea and we were soon at Jerusalem. She was altogether different from me. She was extremely light, and when I wished to touch her I could not. When I was present at some scene in a particular spot—for example, at Jerusalem—she disappeared ; but every time that I passed from one scene to another she went with me and consoled me.

I found myself on the Mount of Olives, and I saw everything laid waste and changed from the state in which it had formerly been. I could, however, recognise each spot. The house near the Garden of Gethsemane, where the disciples had stayed, had been demolished ; there were ditches and walls which rendered access impossible. I then went to the tomb of Our Saviour—it was covered and walled up. Above it, on the top of the rock, they had commenced to construct a building which resembled a small temple—there were then only walls. Whilst I regarded with sorrow the devastations that had been made, my heavenly bridegroom appeared to me under the same form as that in which he had appeared in this place to Mary Magdalen, and consoled me.

I found, also, Calvary devastated and built upon. The little elevation on which the Cross had been set up had been removed and dug up. There were also all round ditches and walls, so that no one could come near. I, however, got there and prayed. Then the Saviour again came near me to console and encourage me. At the time of these apparitions of Our Lord I did not see St. Susannah near me.



I passed then to a picture of the miraculous cures of Jesus in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and I saw over again many of these cures. As I reflected on the mercy of cures in the name of Jesus, which is more especially granted to priests; and as I considered the manifestation of this favour in our times, in the person of Prince Hohenlohe, I saw this priest make use of this gift. I saw many sick persons cured by his prayers; amongst others, men who concealed under their filthy rags inveterate ulcers. I know not if they were really ulcers, or rather figures of old sins remaining on the conscience; but in my immediate neighbourhood I saw other priests, who possessed in the same degree the power to cure, but in whom human respect, dissipation, the entanglement of worldly affairs, and the want of energy prevented their making use of it. I saw especially one who could have helped some persons, whose breasts I saw torn by frightful beasts; but in consequence of dissipation he neglected to succour others who were lying here and there a prey to corporal diseases. He had within himself many obstacles which restrained him.

DIVINE SERVICE OF THE APOSTLES.—MARY RECEIVES THE  
HOLY COMMUNION.—PERSONAL DETAILS.—MARY'S WAY  
OF THE CROSS.

THE 12th of August, 1821.—There were in all barely twelve men assembled in the house of Mary. To-day I saw them perform the Divine service in the little oratory; they there celebrated the Mass. The little chamber was opened on all sides—a woman was kneeling near the bed of Mary, who sat down from time to time. I saw her thus at other times during the day. The woman who was near to her then gave her with a spoon some liquid which was in the cup. Mary had on her bed a cross of about half-an-arm's length: the foot of the cross was a little larger than the arm. It was inlaid with different kinds of wood. The Body of Christ was white. The Blessed Virgin received



the Holy Sacrament. She had lived fourteen years and two months since the Ascension of the Lord.

This evening the narratrix chanted during her sleep in a low voice, and in a manner singularly affecting, the canticles of the Mother of God. When she awoke, and the writer asked her what she had been singing, she replied, being still half asleep : I was going with the procession with this woman ; now she is gone. The following day she remarked in connexion with this chant : I followed two of the friends of Mary on the Way of the Cross behind the house ; they go there every day, morning and evening, and I glided softly behind them. To-day this excited me so that I began to sing ; then all vanished. Mary's Way of the Cross had twelve Stations. She had measured by paces the distance which separated them, and John had placed these stones to mark each spot. These were at first only rough stones ; later on everything was more ornamented. They were now white, polished stones, slightly elevated, with several ridges—eight, if I do not mistake—which were re-united at the summit, bordering a small even surface, where there was a cavity. Each of these was placed on one of the same material, surrounded with grass and flowers, which prevented the thickness being seen. On the stones and their supports Hebrew letters were inscribed.

These Stations were all in excavations, as in little round basins hollowed out. There was at the bottom a path sufficiently large for one or two persons. It went round the stone and allowed the inscriptions to be read. At one of the sides of these stones was fixed matting, with which they were covered when no one was praying there.

The twelve stones which marked the Stations were all of the same size ; all had their Hebrew inscriptions, but the situations in which they were placed were different : the Station of the Mount of Olives was placed in a small valley, near a grotto, in

which several persons could kneel down ; the Station of Calvary alone was not in a hollow, but on an eminence. The Station of the Holy Sepulchre was beyond this elevation, on the other side of which was placed the commemorative stone in a hollow ; then lower still a grotto scooped in the rock where the tomb itself was placed. It was in this tomb that the Blessed Virgin was buried. I believe that this tomb still exists on the earth, and that some day it will be seen again.

I saw that the Apostles, the holy women, and other Christians, when they came to these Stations and prayed kneeling with the face against the ground, drew from beneath their vestments a large cross, of about a foot long, and placed it in a hollow at the top of the stone of the Station : it was held there by means of a movable wedge placed behind it.

*Translated from the French by* GEORGE RICHARDSON.

*(To be continued.)*

*Pictures of the Year.*

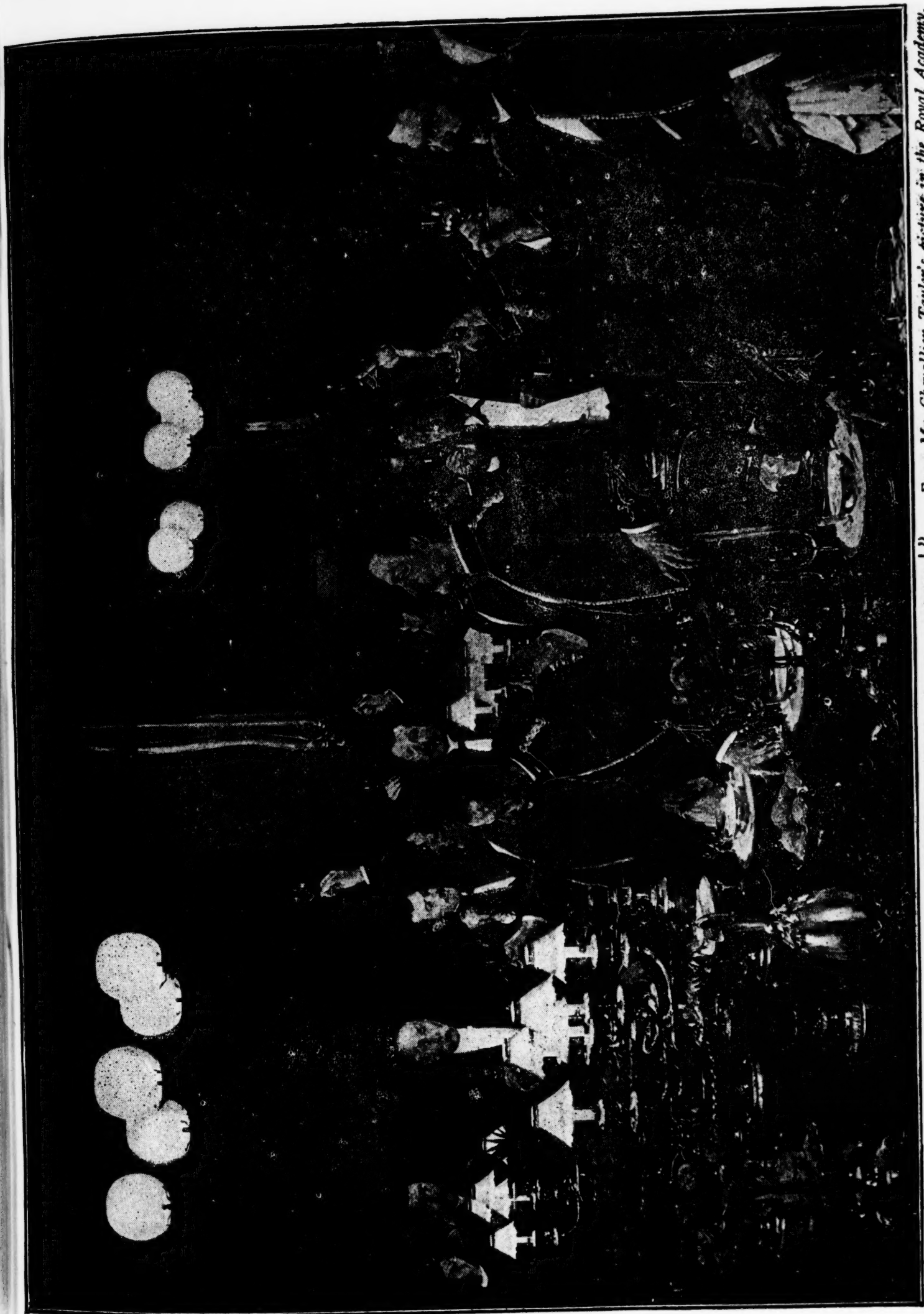
THE Royal Academy and the New Gallery, if they have not *clon* this season, have a large number of thoroughly interesting and significant pictures. A visit to the Exhibitions is well repaid ; or, failing that, persons who cannot go to Burlington House can have Burlington House brought to them by the illustrated note-books on "Pictures of the Year," such as the admirable one issued from the office of *Black and White*. From this handbook to the season's art we reproduce two pictures. One is Mr. T. C. Gotch's, "The Child Enthroned," a work at once real and ideal, a portrait with the added significance of allegory. In meaning and in workmanship it unites old and modern quality, the modern even nobler than the old. The modelling and painting of the hands are among the triumphs of the year. The other picture we reproduce, Mr. Chevallier Tayler's, "Gentlemen, the Queen!" presents few points of resemblance to Mr. Gotch's picture, except that it, too, is masterly work, and that both men belong to the brilliant band of painters known as the Newlyn School, who have made the Exhibitions so interesting to us in recent years, and two of whose members, Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Bramley, (both worthily represented this year) have received official rank from the Academy as its Associates.

As painters of Light (that "queen of colours," St. Augustine called it centuries ago), the young painters who have pitched their easels in Cornwall, at or near the little fishing

village of Newlyn, have done wonders to redeem English art from dulness, in every sense of the word. The Chantry Trustees, in buying for the second time a picture by Mr. H. S. Tuke, acquire in "August Blue" a brilliant work of the Cornish school full of summer sunlight. Mr. Grier's ill-hung landscape, "Light Lingers," is composed of delicate harmonies and articulate drawing. So is Mr. Fred Hall's beautiful "Moonrise." Mr. Adrian Stokes (whose traditions are not of Cornwall only) is Mr. Fred Hall's only superior in these particular effects—a little light, a looming landscape, transfigured cattle. Mr. Langley has evening light on the sea in his beautiful work of the year, with figures recalling the "Hopeless Dawn"; and Mr. Forbes has evening light on the land. Mr. Bramley's fire-light is again superb, as it was two or three years ago. Many another phase of daylight and of artificial light has been reproduced—whether in Mrs. Forbes's excellent "On the edge of the wood," which is worthily hung, or in a dozen or so other canvases, which are abominably placed on the edge of the ceiling.

A juster place—indeed, a place of honour—has been reserved for the large canvas in which Mr. Chevallier Tayler boldly undertakes to present, in these days of electric lights and of fascinating lamp-shades, the glare of untempered gas-light falling on the flare of red coats. Our reproduction shows the composition of the picture, in which the artist has, perhaps, unfairly handicapped himself in his desire to avoid the treatment other painters have made familiar. But no reproduction does justice to the exquisite painting of the table and its accessories—the reflections and the *nuances* of light which Newlynners observe so well, and have added a pleasure to all our daily lives by teaching us to see. Mr. Chevallier Tayler (who is one of several converts to the Church among these Cornish painters of light and truth) will be remembered by the dinner-table in last year's Academy





"GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN!" From Mr. Chevallier Taylor's picture in the Royal Academy.



—a feast of dainty lights from shaded candles—and by “The Last Blessing” of a former year—a picture which, by its feeling won the warm admiration of Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his last visit to Burlington House, and, by its masterly execution, an honourable mention at the Paris Salon.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

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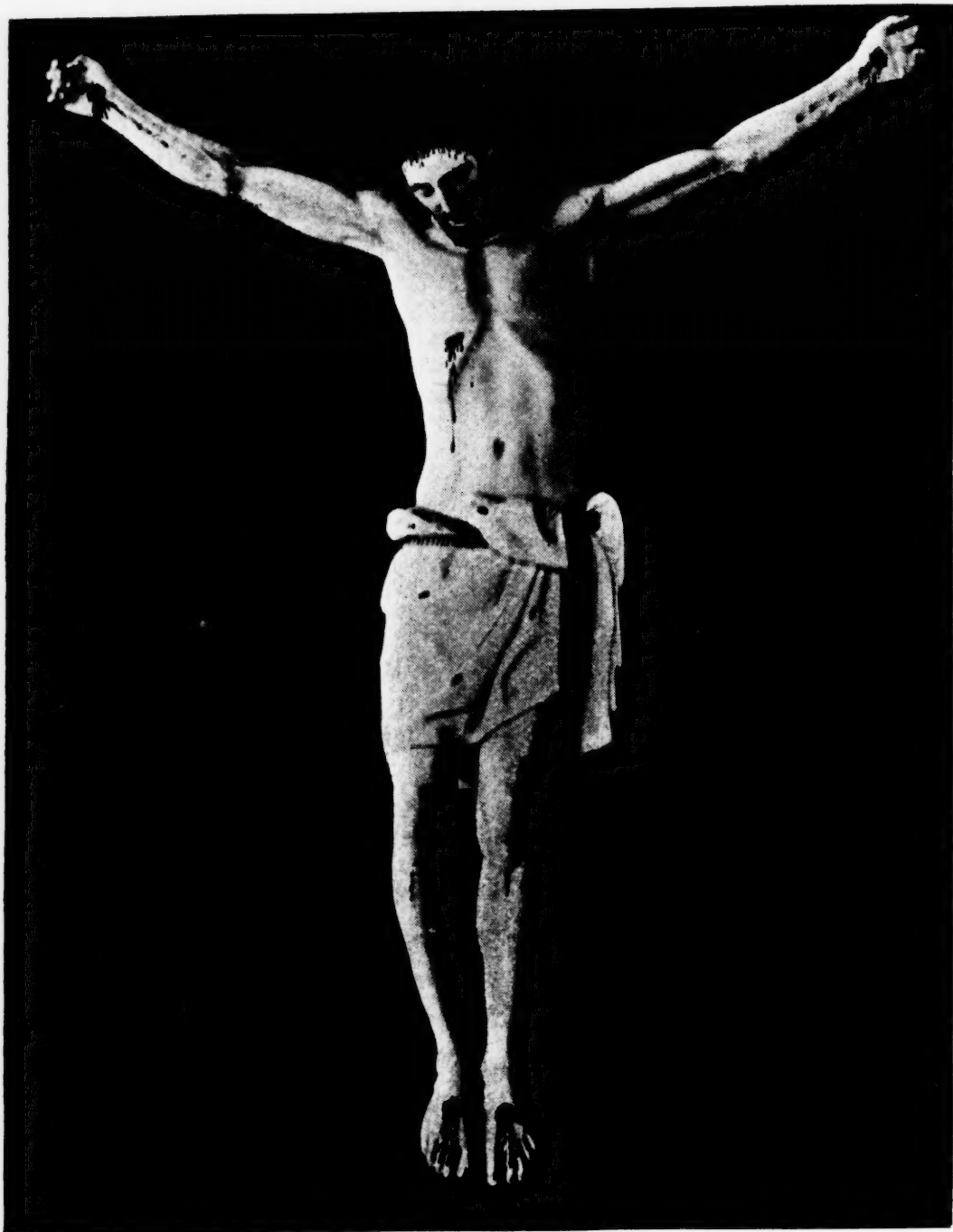
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